

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE PRINCE IN HIS PRINCIPALITY: THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN GREAT DUKE GATE STREET AND NORTH PARADE, ABERYSTWTH.

From a Photograph by Gyde, Pier Street.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Great complaints are made by persons of moderate means in search of small houses for the summer in the neighbourhood of town, of the misrepresentation of country house-agents. In Kent and Sussex, for instance, several examples have occurred of Londoners being induced by the representations of a May house-list to journey to the spot in question only to find the house in question had been disposed of in March, or even earlier. In one case the agent lived immediately opposite. Another enterprising device on the part of these gentry is to answer an advertisement of the house-seeker upon all points except the price. He has a house, he writes, which will exactly suit him, and in every way fulfil his requirements. The unhappy Londoner finds the house pretty much as was described, but the rent double as much as he can afford to pay. Whether the expenses of travel and his lost day can be recovered from such an agent I know not, but the money has certainly been obtained from him on false pretences. As to the charge of the house being already disposed of, the very lame excuse of the agent is that the landlord has not acquainted him with the fact; but it is surely his duty to make inquiries and discover it for himself before bringing down Londoners on a fool's errand. At all events I would recommend the person on whom such a deception has been practised to write to the papers, and mention the name of the enterprising firm to which he is indebted for it. As to landlords not giving notice of occupation to the persons they have employed to let their houses, such extreme selfishness is almost incredible; but if it is so it would seem that with both landlord and agent bricks and mortar have the same demoralising effect on those who have to do with them as horseflesh.

If it were necessary to show that the world is growing better, notwithstanding the sneers that are sometimes expressed about the progress of civilisation and the "so-called nineteenth century," it is proved by the contrast between the behaviour of the present inhabitants of the coast of Brittany and that of their predecessors with respect to the shipwrecked. Nothing can now exceed their Christian kindness, yet this is what history, by the hand of Michelet, writes of the doings of their grandfathers: "Nature and man are there atrocious, and seem to understand each other. When the sea flings them an unfortunate vessel, men, women, and children fasten upon the quarry. Hope not to stop those wolves. . . . Often it is said a cow, led about with a lighted lantern at its horns, has lured vessels on its rocks. . . . A man has been known to gnaw off a finger with his teeth in order to get at a ring from a drowning woman." Our own sea-coast ancestors had nothing to boast of in their treatment of the shipwrecked.

In the *Trueborn Englishman*, 80,000 of which were sold, we are told, in the streets, not entirely to the advantage of the author, there are some lines in allusion to the wreckers of Deal that display a curious mixture of patriotism and the desire for plunder—

But O! ye mighty ships of war,  
What in winter did you there?  
Wild November should our ships restore  
To Chatham, Portsmouth and the Nore:  
So it was always heretofore.  
For Heaven itself is not unkind,  
If winter storms he'll sometimes send,  
Since he supposed the men-of-war  
Are all laid up and left secure.

It would hence appear that the presence of ships of the Royal Navy was considered a restraint on this branch of industry.

The discovery of a packet of £800 worth of bank-notes in the roof of Trevor Hall, in Wales, has something in it quite apart from the usual circumstances of buried treasure. Nothing, it is true, is as yet known about it, except that there it has lain for upwards of seventy years; but the fact of a bank-book, with a deposit account of £1200, being its companion, will probably prove its ownership. That it was not placed there by its proprietor seems pretty certain, but by someone who got nothing by it save, perhaps, an uneasy conscience. It is probable that he had no opportunity of recovering it, and possible that, in his hurry and fright, he forgot where he put it. This is what has happened to a good many people who, in troublous times, have put away their money in out-of-the-way places. In 1836, at Great Stanmore, there was found, in a field by the side of a ditch, nearly three thousand pounds worth of Louis d'ors and Napoleons. The finders naturally claimed it; also the rector, because it was on glebe land; and, of course, the Crown. It was shown at the inquiry that, some twenty years earlier, when the Bourbons had regained the throne, a Frenchman came to reside at Stanmore who used to walk about the fields in an apparently distracted manner, and suddenly left the place never to return. Two years afterwards another foreigner came, searched the fields, and made inquiries concerning some hidden wealth. He stated that his predecessor was dead; and that on his deathbed he not only spoke of this buried treasure, but sketched a ground-plan of the field in which it lay. "On comparing notes, it

was found that during the long intervening period two ash-trees had been removed from the side of the ditch, which had prevented the second foreigner from recognising the spot, while a change in the watercourse had gradually washed away the earth and left the coins exposed." By the time they were discovered all trace of the original owner and his friend had disappeared, and the money reverted to the Crown.

In 1843, when grubbing trees in Tufnell Park, eight labourers came upon two jars containing four hundred sovereigns, which they divided among themselves. The lord of the manor claimed them, but while the matter was being debated the real owner appeared. He was a brass-founder living in Clerkenwell, and it appeared that nine months before the discovery of the coins he had, under a temporary aberration, taken the jars out by night and buried them in the park. In 1820, in a ditch near Bristol, a hoard of guineas and half-guineas and a silver snuff-box were dug up. A sailor was afterwards seen "grubbing disconsolately" about the spot, and was proved to be the owner: before starting on his voyage he had deposited all his money there, and cut a notch in a tree to mark the spot. It is sometimes not easy to find even the spot under such circumstances, but always much easier than to find the money. It is possible in these days—when investments return no interest, and bankers, I am told, give three halfpence a day (exactly) for deposits of a thousand pounds—that the plan of burying one's cash in hopes of better times will be generally adopted. Thus "the land" will once more become valuable.

It is too generally taken for granted that the horrors of mediæval superstition as regards the other world are no longer dwelt upon except by the most ignorant and bigoted of teachers, and in particular that the lessons of religion addressed to the young have been freed from such revolting features, degrading alike to man and his Maker. In the *Literary World* for June 18, however, there is an extract given of a vision of the infernal regions addressed by a well-known priest to children, which throws Dante's lurid and monstrous pictures into the shade. It is said to be "circulated by tens of thousands," and to "form one of the acknowledged handbooks" of certain schools. A girl who loved dancing in this world is represented in the next as "standing for ever on a red-hot floor"; another, fond of finery, is "attired in a dress of living flame"; while a boy who absented himself from public worship is "shut up in a heated oven." "Listen," remarks this Christian teacher, "listen to his brain bubbling in his skull"! It is strange, with all our outcry against deleterious literature, that such poisonous and shocking doctrines as these should be allowed to be disseminated among the young to the certain ruin of their spiritual life.

Whether the American system of publishing newspapers in jail has been adopted as a reward or as a punishment is not quite clear, but there are, we are told, no less than thirty of them already. Most of us authors know editors who ought to be in jail, but in England it is unusual—while at least in pursuit of their vocation—to find them there. We often hear them say, in allusion to their difficulty of getting a holiday, that they are "tied by the leg"; but in the United States this may literally be the case. These journals have probably a "forced circulation," like school magazines, to support which the weekly allowances of the small boys are confiscated. If contributions are not forthcoming, the staff, I suppose, get "toko" with their "skilly," or perhaps instead of it. The "tone" of the *Stonewall Gazette* is said to be "very high and intellectual."

Stone walls do not a prison make is its rather misleading motto. The line of the *Penitentiary Post* is more literary. The editor is middle-aged, but his number (he has no name) is 2500. He has several poets on his staff (mostly bigamists), a metaphysician or two (who have pleaded lunacy without success), and half-a-dozen critics (all "lifers"). One cannot but think that these details owe something to the imagination, but of the existence of prison newspapers there is no doubt. It must differ in some respects from the journalism to which we are accustomed: the editor is always "in," which he never is to anybody under ordinary circumstances; and whereas with us contributors are always complaining that outsiders have no chance, under the new régime every contributor probably wishes that he was an outsider.

The *Author* of last month has some interesting information respecting copyright in various countries. Singularly enough, the length of time for which it is granted is in the inverse ratio of civilisation; that is to say, it extends farthest where one would expect it to be very limited, or wonder that it existed at all. In Venezuela, for example, it is perpetual. Whatever may be our relations with that country, it has thus, at all events, a great advantage over us in its liberality towards literature. On the other hand, one is not sure that it has any. Since the copyright is perpetual, there is, of course, no necessity to mention the usual alternative plan of "the life of the author," but, in any case, in no South American Republic would that security be very valuable. In Columbia (not the one known as "Hail, Columbia") literary works have eighty

years of life, and in Finland and Monaco fifty years. International copyright with these countries would open a new vista to the British author. In Brazil, on the other hand, and Roumania, there is no copyright unless the author leaves heirs. There seems to be some confusion here between composition and progenitiveness, which reminds us of what Sydney Smith said of Rogers's productions: "When he produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied up and straw laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquirers is that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." In Haiti, what seems still more strange, copyright is granted to the author only for twenty years, but to his widow for life! This is probably the reward of domestic devotion. Black is the only wear for widows in that island.

Misled, perhaps, by the chastity and purity of my literary style, some good souls have mistaken my sex and sent me a prospectus of a Guest Home for gentlewomen. It would suit me down to the ground if I were of the feminine gender. "Refined and cheerful society 'mid sylvan beauty and the pleasing environments of woods, hills, wild ferns, and ancient woodlands, while at the same time one is kept in touch with all the literary activities and mercantile transactions." Women of business, it would thus appear, are not excluded, and discussions upon "scrip and share" would alternate with criticisms of the "mellow metres" of the latest poets. This is what is to be found within the Guest Home, the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but what "fetches" me still more are its outside attractions—

To fly from the "madding crowd," to be forgetful of human worries, to escape from the thralldom of censorious eyes, to watch the pirouetting of dragon flies, the sinuous progress of efts and tadpoles in moats and tarns, to make quest for wild flora, to find the old elm where hornets abide [Heavens!], to watch the unfolding and closing of flowers, to wend through woods where squirrels disport and cushats are crooning, to chase the bright lepidoptera, to formulate crowns of the juncus, to discover the nomenclature of trees—

these, these are the occupations indeed to live for! There are photographs with the prospectus, which show that the neighbourhood is really pretty; but no picture, even if it were coloured, could compete with this luxuriance of word-painting. I think I see myself "chasing the bright lepidoptera," but as to "formulating the crowns of the juncus," I am not quite certain that I should like it; it strikes one as exhausting.

An Englishman was complaining to an American the other day, in my hearing, of the inconveniences he had endured during a tour in the United States. How destitute of comfort he found the houses in which he was hospitably entertained, through the deficiency of good servants; how semi-cold the dinners at the hotels were, through the hateful habit of setting all the dishes on table at once; and how intolerable was the lack of cabs in the great towns when one wanted to go out in the evening on wet or winter nights. "That is quite true," said the American, "but, at all events, we do not submit to discomforts which it is in every individual's power to remedy, as you do in England. For example, I know of few houses, except our friend's here" (and he was so good as to indicate me by a grateful smile), "where I can be sure, even in weather like this, seventy-eight or so in the shade, of getting a glass of iced water. Of course in great houses there is a refrigerator, but in those of persons of moderate means I have often found this modest demand impossible of fulfilment. Even at meal times, on ordinary occasions, you good people have no ice. Now I find that the best table-ice in London is but twopence a pound. It cannot, of course, be to save sixpence a day that this necessity of summer life is dispensed with. It is simply because you English do not really care for comfort, but only pretend to do so in order to pick holes in Cousin Jonathan's coat." Neither my friend nor I had anything to say in defence of our beloved country as regards this matter. I know lots of otherwise decent houses where you are not sure of your ice in the dog-days; and, indeed, I remember, on a recent occasion, being charged sixpence a day for ice at what was supposed to be a well-provided hotel.

A lock of hair of Napoleon has been sold for £30. This is a large figure, but, as compared with what is given for relics, not extraordinarily large. Slight as is a lock of hair, it is enduring, and can be easily safeguarded. It has also a more personal, and, so to speak, living significance than any other memento of the dead. It suffers no decay, it has been probably often handled by its original possessor, it indicates to some extent the age at which it was dis severed. Leigh Hunt has a noble sonnet on a lock of Milton's hair—

Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath  
Ran his fine fingers, when he leant blank-eyed  
And saw in fancy Adam and his bride  
With their rich locks, or his own Delphic wreath.

The sentiment connected with the subject has of late years been injured "by ignoble use." Locketts with hair have been "voted vulgar." When impatience or irritation is displayed we are adjured to "keep our hair on"; the very cabman when he cannot extort payment from his fare asks him (sarcastically) for a lock of his hair. But the North American Indian still prizes it.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE PRINCE IN HIS PRINCIPALITY.

In no part of the kingdom is the great popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales with all sorts and conditions of men more assured than in their own loyal Principality of Wales, where they were last week entertained by their subjects with every demonstration of whole-hearted enthusiasm. The occasion was indeed a memorable one. The Prince of Wales was to be installed as Chancellor of the University which, though young in years in its present shape, is really but the most recent and most concentrated expression of the learning for which Wales was distinguished hundreds of years ago. The pride of Welshmen in their new University could not have been more suitably matched than by their pride in the installation of their Prince as its Chancellor. Early in the morning of June 26 the streets of Aberystwith were thronged by loyal crowds awaiting the arrival of their royal visitors from Machynlleth, where they had been the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry. A Guard of Honour was supplied by the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, while the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry formed the escort. On their arrival, the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, were greeted with a selection of Welsh songs, rendered by a choir of women in local costume, and the procession then left for the Town Hall to the sound of a salute from the cruisers *Hermione* and *Bellona*, stationed in Cardigan Bay. In front of the Town Hall a spacious marquee had been erected, and here there was assembled a brilliant company. Prominent among the distinguished guests, too numerous for individual mention, were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, to whom a most cordial reception was given. The installation ceremony began with the reading by the Registrar of the deed of appointment. Then, after a salute had been fired from the vessels in the Bay, an address from the University Court was read by Dr. Owen, the Senior Deputy of the Chancellor, who, as he concluded, handed to the Prince the key of the University seal, together with a copy of the charter and statutes. After an address from the Graduates' Guild, the Prince of Wales, in his new capacity of Chancellor, read a most eloquent and interesting address. Other official addresses followed, and then came the presentation of honorary degrees. The first degree to be conferred was that of Doctor of Music, which was bestowed upon the Princess of Wales, amid a scene of intense enthusiasm. Her Royal Highness was presented by the Vice-Chancellor, and gave her hand to the Chancellor, who pronounced the formal Latin speech conferring the degree. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law was then given to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Herschell, and Lord Spencer. At the luncheon to which the company subsequently sat down, speech-making was again the order of the day; and later on the Princess opened the Alexandra Hall for women students. On the following day the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their first visit to Cardiff, where they met with an equally brilliant reception. In the course of a visit to the exhibition the Prince of Wales was presented with the freedom of the borough in the Exhibition Hall, an honour for which his Royal Highness gracefully returned thanks. The day's programme closed with the opening of the new Free Library, and the royal party left for London.

## THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

The recent extension of the hostile native rising from the land of the Matabili, with Buluwayo as the centre of its civilised settlements, to Mashonaland, of which Fort Salisbury is the capital, nearly three hundred miles distant—has certainly taken the official administrators of "Rhodesia" by surprise. It cannot easily be reconciled with those views of the relations between the Mashona and the Matabili races, considering the former as helpless and suffering victims of the cruelty and rapacity of the latter, which were alleged to justify the war undertaken against the kingdom of Lobengula, and the annexation of his country, by a company whom he had admitted merely to work the precious metals and other minerals of Mashonaland, an outlying province of his dominions, but a very few years before. If the Mashona insurgents are now actively co-operating with the Matabili to expel all the European settlers from that region of South Africa, this would seem to be a fact which ought to be accounted for in the true history of "Rhodesia"; and any foresight of its probability would assuredly have caused the British Imperial Government to hesitate before granting its charter to the South Africa Company. But it is now too late for such reflections. More than a hundred peaceable settlers, men, women, and children, have already been massacred; and though large numbers have been rescued from danger by the gallant efforts of troopers and volunteers, the fate of many others is still a matter of extreme anxiety. It is stated in a telegram of June 22 from Fort Salisbury that "there are five hundred and fifty white people in Mashonaland,"

of whom one hundred have garrisoned and fortified the jail at Fort Salisbury, where two hundred women have taken refuge. Another party have found safety at Fort Charter, and some are collected at Umtali, where they are thought to be quite secure, but even these places are threatened with an attack; and the laager formed at Marandella, sixty miles south of Fort Salisbury, was captured by the enemy after some fighting, in which Lieutenant Bremner, of the 20th Hussars, was killed. In the Mazoe valley, to the north-east of Fort Salisbury near the Portuguese frontier, a mule-wagon laden with women and children was defended on the road, with continual fighting day and night, by a police patrol which lost seven men killed and had four wounded. The wagon had been furnished with iron plating to keep off the enemy's bullets; and though the shooting was often at six yards' distance, the women and children remained unhurt, and all were brought in safely.

## BIRTH OF A KANGAROO AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Sundry interesting additions have lately been made to the already representative collection of living birds and animals at the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. A fine specimen of the rare Occipital Vulture, two specimens of Burmeister's Seriema, some curious Albino peafowl of South African origin, and several bustard-quails as to whose exact classification opinions differ, are among the most important of recent recruits to the aviary. These have been acquired by purchase, and therefore, for the average Londoner, a more peculiar interest attaches to the birth at the "Zoo" of the first baby kangaroo of the Brush-tailed Rock species that has yet been brought into the world within its hospitable confines. Up till the present year the animals of this particular species—*Petrogale Penicillata*—have refused to breed, although the other



BABY KANGAROO: THE FIRST OF THE BRUSH-TAILED ROCK SPECIES BORN AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

branches of the kangaroo family have been fairly prolific. The Brush-tailed Rock Kangaroo dwells chiefly in rough, rocky country, and is therefore more thick-set in build than many of its cousins, while its sturdy, brush-like tail plays an important part in its agile movements.

## THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

The grim terrors of the Swiss Alps have gradually faded under more intimate acquaintance, and travellers who enjoy nothing but the dangers of the unknown and the unforeseen have had to go further afield in search of adventures. In a recently published volume, "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps" (Fisher Unwin), there is to be found an exciting record of what befell Mr. FitzGerald's party, of whom the well-known Swiss guide, Mathias Zurbriggen, who had accompanied Sir Martin Conway to the Himalayas, was not the least important member. As those may remember who paid a visit to the recent exhibition of the original drawings—reproduced in Mr. FitzGerald's book—the Alpine district of New Zealand is in the Southern Island, and although the height of the actual peaks falls short of some of the Swiss giants, the snow-fields and glaciers are far more extensive. Moreover, the total ignorance of the district, notwithstanding intermittent explorations of Mount Cook since 1862, makes mountaineering in New Zealand a very different matter from what it has become in Europe. Mount Sefton, Mount Tasman, and the Haidinger Glacier form one district of the New Zealand Alps which, from Mr. FitzGerald's graphic account, should suffice to cool the ardour of the ordinary climber. Their dangers, however, have to give way before the terrible tempests which render the ascent of Mount Cook so perilous, and which add considerably to the difficulties of the Fox and Eye Glaciers. It was in his descent from the summit of Mount Tasman that Mr. FitzGerald found himself in the awkward predicament shown by his friend Mr. A. D. McCormick—when a bridge of ice by which he hoped to traverse a wide crevasse suddenly gave way. He was in even a worse plight during his ascent of Mount Sefton, when he barely escaped from a fall of 2000 feet on to the Tuckett

Glacier below; and the storm on the Silberhorn and elsewhere must have heightened the sense of danger and difficulty in a very appreciable degree. Mount Cook itself presents no special difficulties to a practised climber if he will stick to the beaten track. This, however, did not suit Mr. FitzGerald, who seems to have come upon some of the roughest work on the route he selected, to which, as a well-earned compliment, his name will hereafter be attached. The view, however, from FitzGerald's Saddle gives a characteristic idea of the recesses and heights of the New Zealand Alps.

## NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

The noble Cathedral of that "city of gardens," the ancient capital of East Anglia, has, with this midsummer, completed the eight hundredth year of its existence. Early in the seventh century, what is now the diocese of Norwich was fixed at Dunwich, in Suffolk. It was subsequently divided between Dunwich and Elmham, then again concentrated at Elmham, but only to be removed thence to Thetford. The see was, however, ultimately established at Norwich in 1094 by Bishop Herbert de Losinga, who two years later laid the foundation-stone of the Cathedral dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and modelled on his own priory church at Fécamp. The Norman prelate purchased the see from William II. Less than two hundred years after its foundation much of the Cathedral was destroyed in a series of riots arising out of disputes between the prior and the citizens concerning dues and tolls. In 1362 the steeple was blown down by a hurricane, in the next century much damage was done by a fire, and at the time of the Commonwealth the pious work of many bygone devotees was sadly marred. The work of restoration, which has been judiciously carried on in recent years under Dean Goulburn and Dean Lefroy, has done much to recapture the fine building's former beauty. And the eight hundredth anniversary of its foundation has during the past week been celebrated with much solemn pomp. The festival began on July 1 with a choral celebration of the Holy Communion, and a solemn service held later in the day, at which the Irish Primate preached, a number of Bishops being present, together with the municipal authorities of the city. On the following day Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" was announced to be given in the Cathedral by a large choir and orchestra.

## THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

The situation in Crete has become so serious that it has at last led to definitely concerted action on the part of the Powers. On June 23 the Ambassadors united in submitting to the Sultan their proposals for the immediate convening of the Cretan Assembly, the proclamation of an amnesty to all the insurgents, and the appointment of a Christian Governor-General for the island. The Sultan forestalled the first of these demands by issuing a second summons of the Assembly without the previous offending condition that the insurgents must first lay down their arms and make formal declaration of submission. The other demands of the Powers have now been granted, the Governor-General appointed being Georgi Pasha Berovitch, Prince of Samos, a Christian Albanian of honourable repute. The distress which now prevails in the island as the result of the massacres and plunderings that have been rife is very terrible. The wholesale firing of Cretan villages by Turkish troops in revenge for the ravages of the Christians who had been goaded into insurrection has left a large population homeless and starving. At Canea the Greek Bishop has been indefatigable in organising relief, but the widespread suffering is still so great that a "Cretan Distress Fund" has been opened in London for the forwarding of relief to the destitute population, Christian and Mohammedan alike. The Assembly of Cretan Deputies was summoned for June 29, and it is to be hoped that, with the intervention of the Powers, some alleviation of the insurgents' wrongs may ere long be effected.

## WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

See Supplement.

Our special Supplement, reproduced from a painting by Mr. A. Forestier, represents one of the most pathetic scenes connected with the sad story of the recent wreck. The loving care which the Breton fisherfolk bestowed upon the dead was beautiful throughout, but no single incident was more poignant than the tender solicitude of the Breton mothers over the body of the little girl, Alice Reed. England has not been slow to express her thanks to the simple Bretons, and it is gratifying to hear how much they appreciate the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter of thanks, the references made in the House of Commons and circulated in the Brest newspapers, and the Queen's telegram of gratitude for their tender sympathy. Of the last-named missive, the French journalists, MM. Labat and Pelle, have had ten thousand copies printed and distributed among the inhabitants of the several islands.



Photo Florman, Stockholm.  
MR. ECKHOLM.

### THE BALLOON POLAR EXPEDITION.

Much interest will now be felt in the bold and novel adventure of the Swedish Arctic explorer, Dr. S. A. Andrée, who is about to try an aerial voyage northward from Spitzbergen across the Polar regions in the peculiar balloon and car designed by Mr. Eckholm, to be directed by a sail adjustable so as to make its shifting action bear, for determining the course, upon several retarding points below, which are provided by ropes and ballast or weights, to lie upon the ground or the ice, or to be managed by the aid of boats where there is a space of open water. The



Photo Florman.  
DR. S. A. ANDRÉE.

working of this apparatus, in the hands of Mr. Strindberg, may possibly be successful, though liable to be deranged, one would think, by any gale of wind or heavy snow that the balloon may happen to encounter aloft, or by obstructions which may be found among the rocks and fragments of ice that encumber the surface of land or sea; but we sincerely hope that, even if the experiment should prove unsuccessful, Dr. Andrée, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Strindberg will return home in safety. The balloon, named the "Svéa," which has been constructed with great care and labour in Paris, is one of 1000 cubic mètres capacity, to be filled, on the shore of Spitzbergen, with hydrogen gas produced by the portable manufacturing apparatus used for military service; it will lift and sustain a car with three passengers, having with them provisions and stores for about four months, instruments for scientific

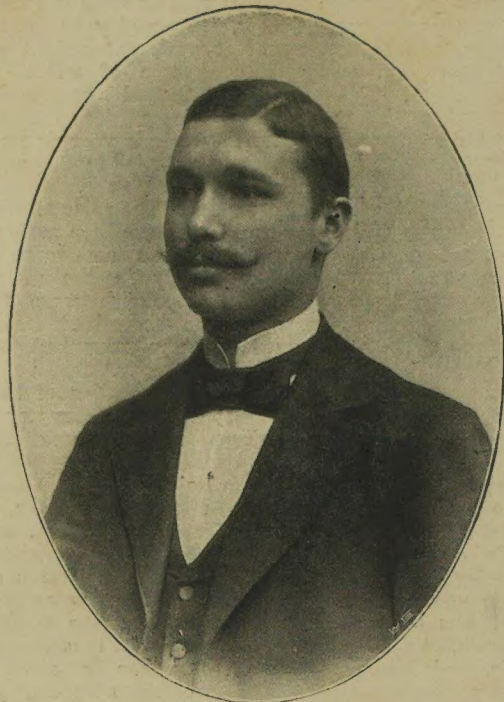
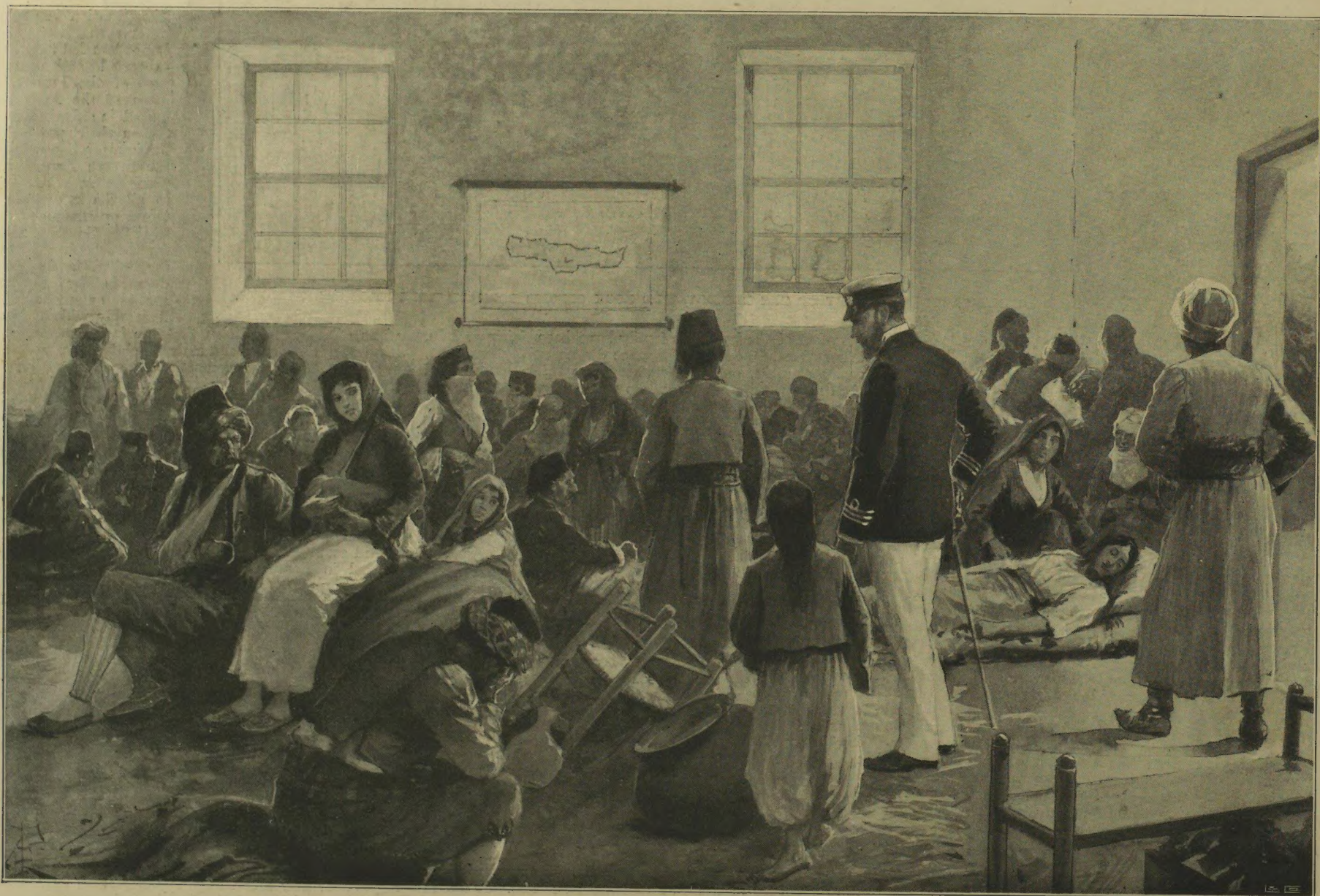


Photo Florman.  
MR. STRINDBERG.

observations, and a quantity of ballast, weighing in all 3000 kilogrammes; but Dr. Andrée does not expect to remain in the air more than a few days at a time. He says that high winds and snow are in July and August of rare occurrence in the Arctic region, while thunder and lightning are there almost unknown; the sun will at this season be always by night and day above the horizon, so that there will be no actual darkness, and the voyagers will have a constant and uninterrupted view of all that lies beneath and around them. Considering all this, we shall not be much surprised by a favourable result, with some gain to geographical and meteorological science.



THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: REFUGEES FROM OUTLYING VILLAGES COLLECTED IN THE GREEK SCHOOL-HOUSE AT RETIMO.

From a Sketch by Mr. W. Hoskyn, U.M.S. "Egville."



MOUNT COOK FROM BELOW FITZGERALD'S SADDLE.

*From a Photograph by E. A. Fitzgerald, F.R.G.S.*



DESCENDING THE SILBERHORN: COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE ACROSS A CREVASSE.

*From a Drawing by A. D. McCormick.*

SCENES IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who arrived at Windsor from Balmoral at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 24, accompanied by Princess Christian, the Princess of Leiningen, and the young Princes Maurice and Leopold of Battenberg, has been visited by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the royal family. The Queen held a meeting of the Privy Council on Monday. Her Majesty was visited on that day by the Princess of Wales and by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

A State concert took place on Monday evening at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other Princes and Princesses were among the audience.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales were the guests of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, at Plas Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, from Thursday evening, June 25, till Saturday morning; and on Friday, at Aberystwith, the Prince of Wales was installed as Chancellor of the new University of Wales. On Saturday their Royal Highnesses visited Cardiff, where they were received by Lord Windsor, the Mayor of that town, and Lady Windsor. The freedom of the borough was conferred on the Prince of Wales, and he opened the new Free Library; they also visited the local Exhibition before returning to London. The Prince of Wales went on Sunday to visit the Queen at Windsor. On Tuesday his Royal Highness went to Newmarket, but rejoined the Princess and his family at Sandringham on Thursday.

On June 24 the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, attended the thirtieth anniversary meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which was held at the Royal Albert Hall, the Duke of Sutherland presiding. His Royal Highness made a brief speech, commending the beneficial work of these Homes, in which more than 30,000 children have been received, and nearly 5000 are maintained at the present time, while eight or nine thousand, after being trained, have been sent to Canada and other colonies.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on Saturday, visited the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage at Twickenham, and her Royal Highness distributed prizes to the children in the schools of that institution. Princess Christian was at the Indian and Ceylon Exhibition, on Tuesday, to present certificates to Indians who have passed the St. John's Ambulance examination.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Monday visited the flower-show at the People's Palace, Mile End Road. On Saturday, in the grounds of Windsor Castle, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein distributed the prizes at the exhibition of the Windsor and Eton Horticultural Society. The Duchess of Fife presented the prizes of the South London Costermongers' Donkey Show at Herne Hill on Tuesday.

Another of the many generous gifts of Mr. Passmore Edwards, in the form of free libraries and reading rooms to the people of different places in London and in the country, was opened on June 25 by Lord Rosebery in Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush. It is named as a memorial of Leigh Hunt and Charles Keene, some time residents in the parish. The building has cost £6000, exclusive of the site. Lord Rosebery spoke with appreciation of the good deeds of the munificent public benefactor.

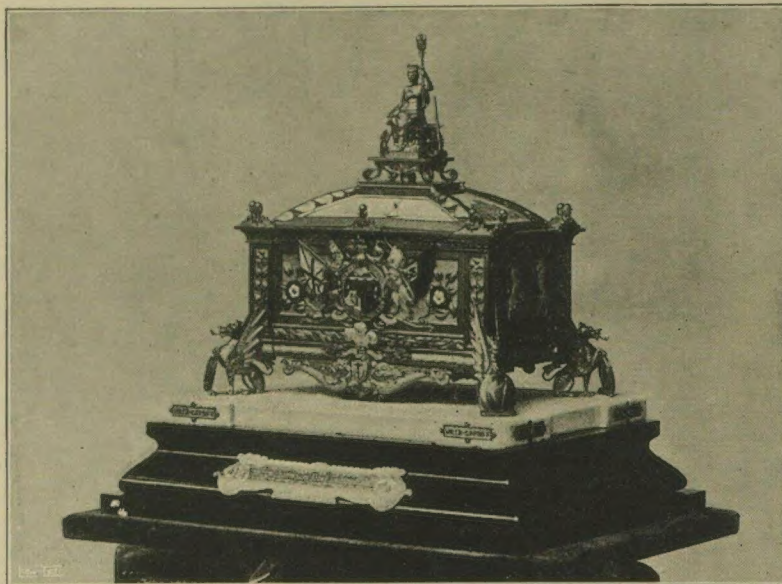
The election of Sheriffs for the City of London for the ensuing year was performed by the meeting of the Liverymen at Guildhall on June 24 and by the polling of votes on Saturday. Mr. Alderman J. T. Ritchie and Mr. Deputy R. H. Rogers were chosen, the unsuccessful candidate being Mr. Alderman Vaughan-Morgan. Mr. H. A. Towse and Mr. Alfred Norris were elected Bridgemasters.

The Irish Tourist Association, to promote which was the object of an influential meeting at the Imperial Institute on June 24, has the Marquis of Londonderry for its president; but the chairman at this meeting was the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan; and the Earl of Crewe, another ex-Lord Lieutenant, took part in the proceedings, as well as the Earl of Mayo, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Earl of Dunraven, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with that country; the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne sent letters expressing their hearty sympathy with the movement. It is intended to use various means and efforts in co-operation with local committees for the improvement and recommendation of the manifold attractions of Ireland as a resort for pleasure tourists, sportsmen, and visitors.

The Directors of the Chartered Company of British South Africa, at a meeting of their Board on June 26, resolved to accept the resignations of the Right Hon. Cecil

J. Rhodes and Mr. Alfred Beit, as Directors, and that of Dr. Rutherford Harris, as Secretary of the Company in South Africa; deeply regretting the occurrences of December and January last in the Transvaal, of which the Company had no cognisance, and which are to be the subject of future inquiry.

On Monday the Attorney-General applied to the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Kennedy, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, to order a

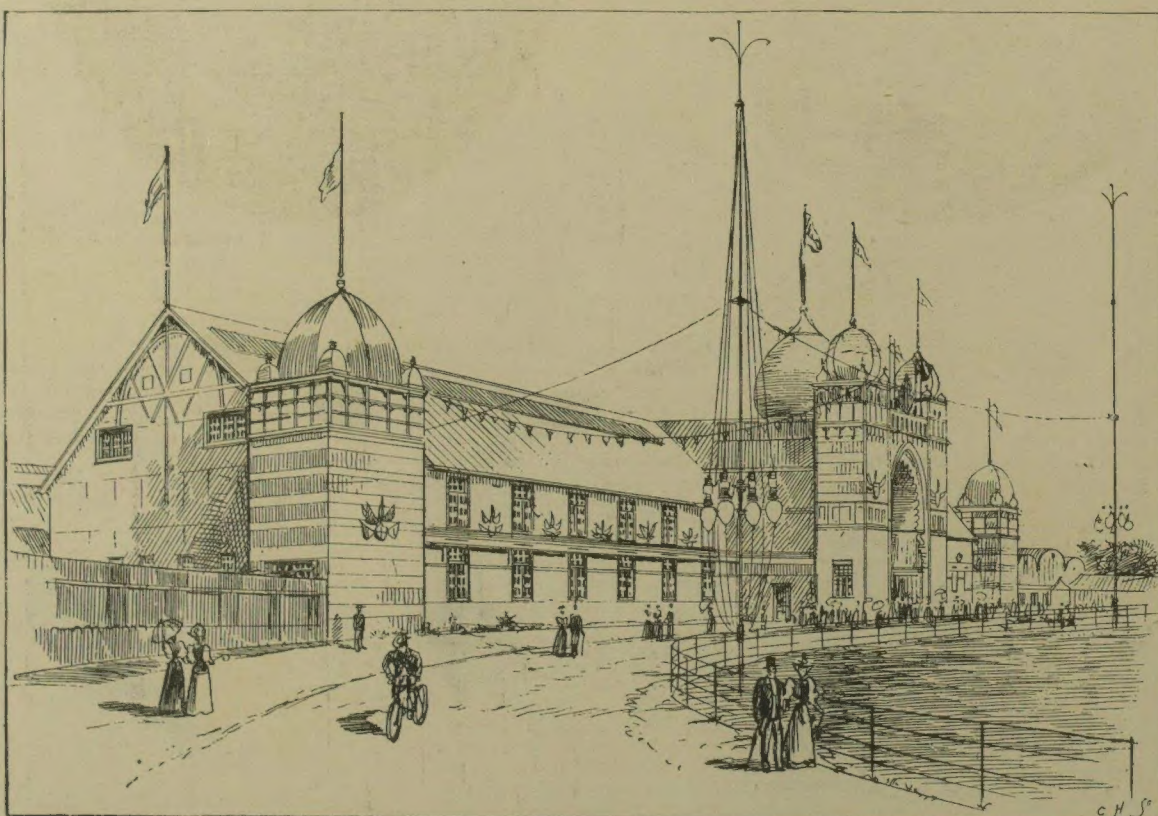


SILVER-GILT CASKET IN WHICH THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH OF CARDIFF WAS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

trial at bar in the case of the prosecution of Dr. L. S. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, and four other defendants, against whom a true bill of indictment has been found by the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court. The trial is expected to take place about July 20.

The jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the Repeal of the Corn Laws was celebrated on Saturday by the Cobden Club at its yearly dinner at Greenwich, Mr. L. H. Courtney, M.P., in the chair, commenting upon Mr. Chamberlain's idea of an Imperial Customs tariff union between Great Britain and all her colonies and dominions, which he contrasted with that of an unrestricted application of Free Trade principles, still advocated by the Cobden Club. An address has been presented to Mr. C. P. Villiers, M.P., the only survivor of the leading statesmen in the Anti-Corn Law controversy.

The funeral of the late Duc de Nemours, second son of King Louis Philippe, took place on Wednesday at Dreux, where are the family tombs of the Orléans Princes. A



THE CARDIFF EXHIBITION.

monument erected at Nancy to the memory of the late President Carnot was unveiled on Sunday in the presence of two of the French Ministers of State. Emile Arton, who was arrested in London and has been tried in Paris for some of the frauds perpetrated in the affairs of Baron Reinach and the Panama Canal, has been sentenced to six years' penal servitude.

Li-Hung-Chang, the eminent Chinese statesman, after receiving high honours at the Imperial Courts of Moscow or St. Petersburg and Berlin, visited Prince Bismarck on June 25 at Friedrichsruh; he afterwards inspected the Krupp ironworks at Essen, and went on to Brussels on his way to London.

The Pope has issued an Encyclical Letter to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church upon the conditions of reunion, setting forth the absolute necessity of submitting in all points to the authority of the Papal See.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There would appear to be a general desire, and it is a very natural one, to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Augustus Harris by some public memorial. Whether this will take the form of a statue to be erected in some prominent place in London, or a bed in one of our great London hospitals, or a scholarship at one of the musical colleges, or an endowment at the new Actors' Orphanage, can be decided when it is ascertained how far the general public is likely to support the scheme. If the amount received is large enough it would be possible to erect a statue as well as endow a charity. When, recently, a casket containing signatures—a somewhat useless gift—was presented to Sir Henry Irving, I wished that the committee of his friends had asked Alfred Gilbert to design a statue of the actor-Knight to be placed at the crossways facing Waterloo Bridge, under the immediate shadow of the historic Lyceum. But with us the sentimental idea has generally to make way for the practical; but even a statue, in the case of Sir Augustus Harris, might face a home of rest for a few old actors and actresses.

It is generally understood that Arthur Collins, who served so brilliantly under Sir Augustus, and Niel Forsyth, his faithful adjutant, will carry on Drury Lane for Lady Harris at least to the end of the next pantomime season. The autumn drama is written and ready; the pantomime is designed, and only wants a few finishing touches; and as there are only a few more years of the Drury Lane lease to run, there would appear to be no reason why any change should be made at all. The administrative qualities of Arthur Collins were always kept in check by his masterful chief; but as a director of a huge stage he has few equals.

The improved tone of the dramatic profession, and its advance to dignity and decorum, were never more clearly shown than by comparing the Actors' Orphanage Bazaar, held so successfully this week at the Queen's Hall, with the old and deplorable Dramatic Fêtes at the Crystal Palace. I attended them all, and I can testify to the harm they did to the profession by their rowdiness and most objectionable elements. When popular actresses sold kissed strawberries for a guinea a bite, when they bartered the shoes off their feet, the handkerchiefs in their hands, and locks of their hair, the freedom of the thing became a public scandal. The stall portion of the show was bad enough, but the booth or Richardson Show section was even worse in vulgarity and noise. The actors and actresses of those days seemed to delight in placarding their origin to the assembled public. There is no harm in starting life in a booth or trudging from fair to fair in the fashion of Edmund Kean, with a wallet of properties on your back; and the advance from such a life is distinctly honourable; but for all that there is no need eternally to placard the booth.

But what a contrast this collection of educated and self-respecting artists at the new Queen's Hall! Decorum prevailed everywhere; the ladies despoiled their victims with the grace of Claude Duval; and the humour of Arthur Roberts as an auctioneer on the last day of the sale is a thing to be remembered. So energetically did all work that the proceeds of the bazaar, in addition to the special donations, will enable the committee to submit immediate claims for the Orphanage to the directors of the London Orphan Asylum, who are working cordially with the secretaries and founders.

By the way, I hope the attention of the public and the whole of the dramatic profession will be drawn to an admirable and well-reasoned article in the *Era*, once called "the actor's bible," suggesting that the Actors' Orphanage scheme should be the means of making official inquiries into the long-buried Covent Garden Fund, which has become a kind of tontine giving an amassed fortune to the longest liver. There would be no reason for this inquiry had it not been as-

certainly by Mr. Edward Ledger, the editor of the *Era*, that the regulations of the Covent Garden Fund distinctly make provision for the orphans of deceased actors and actresses in no way connected with Covent Garden and its Fund.

If all provincial companies act as well as the one now to be seen at the Princess's Theatre in "A Grip of Iron"—a sensation play from the French of Bèlot, by Arthur Shirley—then I wonder that the London managers do not make excursions into the country to secure talent. Indifferent artists in London receive preposterous salaries, while many a better actor and actress, doomed to the country, would give greater satisfaction at half the price. Mainly owing to extravagance in outlay, the managerial enterprise in London is at a standstill. The productions cost too much, and the salary list is far too high. The reaction must come, and then we shall have good plays, well mounted and cleverly acted, at reasonable prices. Mr. Albert Gilmer, with his fair prices and short runs, has shown which way the wind blows.

## PERSONAL.

The death of the Duc de Nemours recalls the lucklessness of royalty in France. In 1848, when

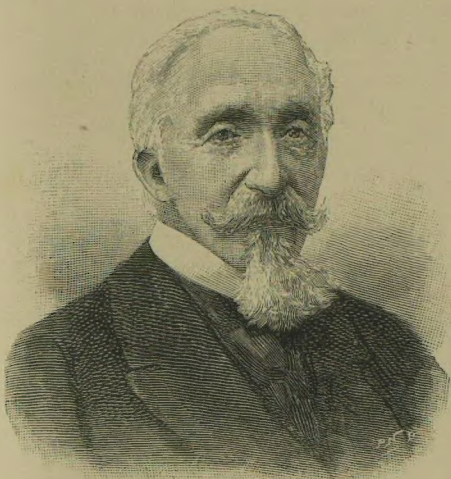


Photo E. Pireu, Paris.  
THE LATE DUC DE NEMOURS.

he had been Regent for six years owing to the death of his brother, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, he was astonished to learn that his father had abdicated and appointed as Regent the Comte de Paris, a boy of ten. At that moment the Duc de Nemours was in command of ten thousand men, and by a little energy

might have suppressed the Revolution. Instead of that, he went to the Chamber with the Duchesse d'Orléans, mother of the Comte de Paris, and the precious opportunity was lost in a futile appeal to the domestic susceptibilities of the Deputies. The Duc de Nemours might have been King of the Belgians or King of the Hellenes, but his father refused both crowns for him. From 1848 to 1871 he was an exile in England. From 1871 to 1886 he held the rank of General in the French Army, but that was taken from him in 1886. He bore a remarkable physical resemblance to Henri Quatre, but no other resemblance. In his early life he was a keen sportsman, and towards the end of it almost a monk.

Lord Fitzhardinge was one of the people who hanker unsuccessfully after disputed titles. The second Baron Fitzhardinge—he was born in 1826—sat in the House of Commons for Cheltenham, and succeeded to his peerage in 1867. But it was the earldom of Berkeley he wanted, and his claim was disallowed.

Tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons is a pleasant and agreeable function. The more gallant among the legislators are making themselves unpopular among their fellow-Members by reason of their very gallantry. They invite nine, ten, eleven guests, while their less ambitious confrères content themselves with two or three. For variety of colour, the Terrace on a fine afternoon resembles the seed-testing ground of a suburban flower merchant. All who accept invitations must run the gauntlet of the misogynist Members who about the hour of tea gather in groups upon the Terrace, their backs to the balustrade, cigarettes in their mouths, and in full view of the door which opens from the precincts of the House.

The name of Dr. Henry Dunckley, whose death we regret to record, was not very familiar to the rising generation. Seventy-six years of age at the time of his death, he long ago made himself a name as a far-sighted and vigorous writer on political and social subjects. Minister of the Baptist Church, Great George Street, Salford, he retired from that position to accept the editorship of the *Manchester Examiner* and *Times*—a journal now defunct. He was the author of the series of powerful letters on current topics signed "Verax," and, among other distinctions, he won a first prize for the best essay on the condition of the working classes, and one for the best work on the Repeal of the Corn Laws offered by the Anti-Corn Law League. In 1878 Mr. Dunckley

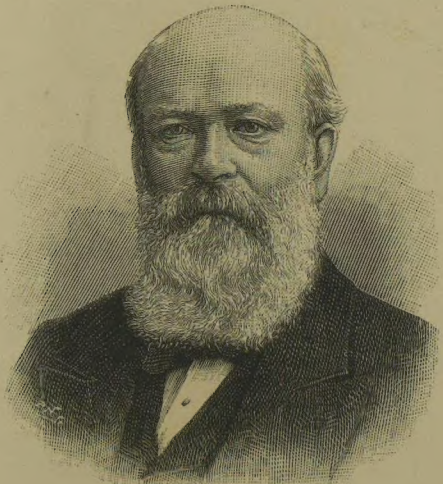


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE DR. DUNCKLEY.

was elected a member of the Reform Club in recognition of his services to the Liberal Party. His later literary engagements included a "Life of Lord Melbourne" for the series of "Queen's Prime Ministers."

Few people remember now what it was that made the reputation of "Verax." Mr. Dunckley thought he had discovered in Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" evidence of an unconstitutional interference by the Crown with the free judgment of the Cabinet. The point was laboured with much ingenuity; hundreds of leaders and magazine articles were written about it, and to-day it is totally forgotten. What "Verax" found was, in truth, a mare's nest. The Crown does not intrigue against the liberties of the people. Nobody thinks of defending it against such a charge. The philosophical historian may note with amusement the pother which "Verax" excited, but he will not devote many pages to the subject. It is as dead as the commotion which filled some patriotic minds when the Queen assumed the title of Empress of India.

The last Patti Concert of the season took place on Tuesday evening, June 30, and from the social point of view was a magnificent success. Patti sang Donizetti, Schubert, Mozart, and Gounod to the tune of frantic applause. She has sung better this season, particularly at her second concert, but she still showed the beauty of her rich tone and her musical apprehension. She was assisted bravely by Madame Gomez, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Santley, the Meister Glee-Singers, and others.

For the wedding of Sir Samuel Edward Scott and Lady Sophie Beatrice Mary Cadogan, a very brilliant gathering, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, assembled at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, on June 29. The bridegroom,



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

LADY SOPHIE CADOGAN.



Photo Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

SIR SAMUEL EDWARD SCOTT, BART.

WEDDING AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, SLOANE STREET, ON JUNE 29.

who is a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, is the eldest son of the late Sir Edward Henry Scott, and carries on the distinguished banking traditions of his family as a partner with the Duke of Fife and Sir Horace Farquhar in Scott's Bank. Lady Sophie Cadogan is the younger daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and it was therefore eminently appropriate that the service should be performed by the Irish Primate.

Last week's opera contained but two novelties, the appearance of Melba on Thursday, June 25, as Marguerite in "Faust," and the grand performance on the following night of "Tristan und Isolde." Although it is a fact that Melba was not by any means in her best voice, that is a detail which need not be dwelt upon here; for during that first dispiriting week at the opera after the death of Sir Augustus Harris, it was not to be expected that everything would pass very brilliantly. The particular grievance one has against Melba at present is that she really ought to learn some more parts. Why does she repeat, in her own inimitable way indeed, year after year her Lucia, her Gilda, her Marguerite, and never give us a chance of hearing her in a Wagner part—in Elsa, for example, or Elizabeth, to say nothing of Isolde or Eva? In all these characters she could not fail to give us something very perfect and very exquisite; yet she has chosen to do otherwise, contenting herself less with the music she sings than with the beauty of the voice which is her unique possession.

The performance of "Tristan und Isolde" on the Friday was chiefly remarkable for M. Jean de Reszke's amazingly fine interpretation of Tristan. The part in his hands acquired a beauty, a dignity, and an impressiveness which could not be surpassed. His passion knew no bounds, and the exquisite voice, the strong sincerity, the glorious abandonment of self to the abandonment of the music were extraordinarily grand to witness. Madame Albani, who never tires of learning new parts and acquiring new glories, really sang better than she has done this season, as Isolde. M. Edouard de Reszke was a superb King Mark; and in the one inevitably boring part which must enter into every Wagnerian opera, Mr. Bispham, as

Kurvenal, was conscientious and successful. The orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli, played remarkably well.

The death of Sir Joseph Prestwich has removed a very notable geological authority, whose work has been described

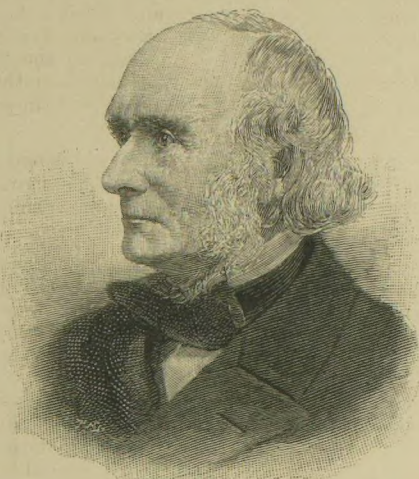


Photo Melhuish and Gale, Pall Mall.  
THE LATE SIR JOSEPH PRESTWICH.

as the connecting link between the first promoters of the study of geology as an inductive science and the modern school of labourers in the geological field. Sir Joseph, who was knighted last New Year's Day, was born eighty-four years ago, and although he was much engaged in business as a wine merchant in the City up to the year 1872, he was always deeply interested in geological matters. When scarcely out of his teens he began to contribute papers to the Transactions of the Geological Society. The first of these essays to attract attention was one on the coalfield of Coalbrook Dale, a subject to which he was to return after many years as a

member of the Royal Coal Commission of 1866. Two of his early works, "The Water-bearing Strata of the Country around London" and "The Ground Beneath Us," have stood the tests of time remarkably well; and his later contributions to the literature of Eocene and Pliocene deposits in Eastern England have an enduring place in the geologists' library. In 1874 he was appointed to the Chair of Geology at Oxford, which he held until the year 1888, which saw the completion of his two-volumed text-book of geology. In the same year he was President of the International Geological Congress in London.

There is a wild agitation for the lighting of Trafalgar Square. At nightfall this space is plunged into gloom, and Nelson and his fellow statues are left in obscure meditation. The daring suggestion is made that the Square shall be used as a summer garden, that the fountains shall be illuminated with coloured lights, and

people tempted thither by the strains of a band. This is enough to derange the Home Secretary's mind, for traditions of the Square have left lingering apprehensions at the Home Office. Who knows that coloured fountains might not tempt the Anarchists to throw bombs and loot shops?

Captain Bryan Mahon, who recently made a spirited sortie southward from Suarda at the head of two squadrons

of cavalry and a detachment of the Camel Corps, and succeeded in taking a Dervish dépôt and seven boats laden with corn, is a native of Galway, and is now some thirty-four years of age. He joined the 8th Hussars in India in 1883, and returned home with his regiment seven years later. In 1893 Captain Mahon was appointed to the Egyptian cavalry, and since the spring of the present year has been with the troops advancing towards Dongola under the command of the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener. Captain Mahon has distinguished himself as a steeplechase rider, having won many races in India and at home. When in England last year he played for the 8th Hussars in the Polo Tournament at Hurlingham.



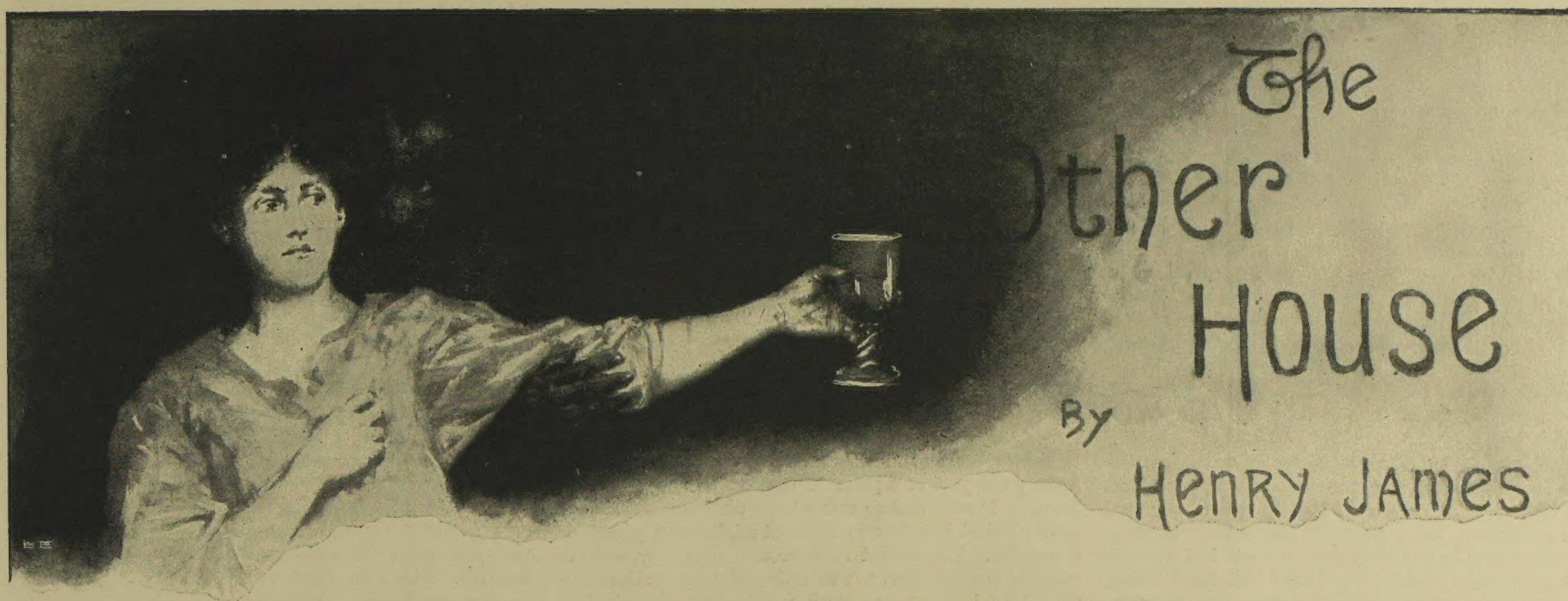
Photo Heyman, Cairo.  
CAPTAIN BRYAN MAHON.



GLYCERA.—G. LAWRENCE BULLEID.

*In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.*

GLYCERA WAS THE FIRST TO WEAVE CHAPLETS OF FLOWERS.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## BOOK FIRST.

## I.

MRS. BEEVER of Eastmead, and of "Beever and Bream," was a close, though not a cruel observer of what went on, as she always said, at the other house. A great deal more went on there, naturally, than in the great clean, square solitude in which she had practically lived since the death of Mr. Beever, who had predeceased by three years his friend and partner, the late Paul Bream of Bounds, leaving to his only son, the little godson of that trusted associate, the substantial share of the business in which his wonderful widow—she knew and rejoiced that she was wonderful—now had a distinct voice. Paul Beever, in the bloom of eighteen, had just achieved a scramble from Winchester to Oxford: it was his mother's design that he should go into as many things as possible before coming into the Bank. The Bank, the pride of Wilverley, the high clear arch of which the two houses were the solid piers, was worth an expensive education. It was, in the talk of town and county, "hundreds of years" old, and as incalculably "good" as a subject of so much infallible arithmetic could very well be. That it enjoyed the services of Mrs. Beever herself was at present enough for her and an ample contentment to Paul, who inclined so little to the sedentary that she foresaw she should some day be as anxious at putting him into figures as she had in his childhood been easy about putting him into breeches. Half the ground moreover was held by young Anthony Bream, the actual master of Bounds, the son and successor of her husband's colleague.

She was a woman indeed of many designs; another of which was that on leaving Oxford the boy should travel and inform himself: she belonged to the generation that regarded a foreign tour not as a relief, but as an important charge. Still another had for its main feature that on his final return he should marry the nicest girl she knew: that, too, would be an important charge, but it would be a relief to his mother. It would do with the question what it was Mrs. Beever's inveterate household practice to do with all loose and unarranged objects—it would get it out of the way. There would have been difficulty in saying whether it was a feeling for peace or for war, but her constant habit was to lay the ground bare for complications that as yet at least had never taken place. Her life was like a room prepared for a dance: the furniture was all against the walls. About the young lady in question she was perfectly definite; the nicest girl she knew was Jean Martle, whom she had just sent for at Brighton to come and perform in that character. The performance was to be for the benefit of Paul, whose midsummer return was at hand and in whom the imagination of alternatives was to be discouraged from the first. It was on the whole a comfort to Mrs. Beever that he had little imagination of anything.

Jean Martle, condemned to Brighton by a father who was Mrs. Beever's second cousin and whom the doctors, the great men in London, kept there, as this lady opined, because he was too precious wholly to lose and too boring often to see—Jean Martle would probably some day have money and would possibly some day have sense: even as regards a favoured candidate this marked the extent of Mrs. Beever's somewhat dry expectations. They were addressed in a subordinate degree to the girl's "playing," which was depended on to become brilliant, and to her hair, which was viewed in the light of a hope that it would



*Her chair was pushed back, her face buried in her extended and supported arms, her whole person relaxed and abandoned. . . . She could only be Miss Armiger.*

with the lapse of years grow darker. Wilverley, in truth, would never know if she played ill; but it had an old-fashioned prejudice against loud shades in the natural covering of the head. One of the things his cousin had been invited for was that Paul should get used to her eccentric colour—a colour of which on a certain bright Sunday of July Mrs. Beever noted afresh, with some alarm, the exaggerated pitch. Her young friend had arrived two days before, and now—during the elastic interval from church to luncheon—had been despatched to Bounds with a message and some preliminary warnings. Jean knew that she should find there a house in some confusion, a new-born little girl, the first, a young mother not yet “up,” and an odd visitor, somewhat older than herself, in the person of Miss Armiger, a school-friend of Mrs. Bream, who had made her appearance a month before that of the child and had stayed on, as Mrs. Beever with some emphasis put it, “right through everything.”

This picture of the situation had filled, after the first hour or two, much of the time of the two ladies, but it had originally included for Jean no particular portrait of the head of the family—an omission in some degree repaired however by the chance of Mrs. Beever's having on the Saturday morning taken her for a moment into the Bank. They had had errands in the town, and Mrs. Beever had wished to speak to Mr. Bream, a brilliant, joking gentleman, who, instantly succumbing to their invasion and turning out a confidential clerk, had received them in his beautiful private room. “Shall I like him?” Jean, with the sense of a widening circle, had before this adventurously asked. “Oh, yes, if you notice him!” Mrs. Beever had replied in obedience to an odd private prompting to mark him as insignificant. Later on, at the Bank, the girl noticed him enough to feel rather afraid of him: that was always with her the foremost result of being noticed herself. If Mrs. Beever passed him over, this was in part to be accounted for by all that at Eastmead was usually taken for granted. The queen-mother, as Anthony Bream kept up the jest of calling her, would not have found it easy to paint offhand a picture of the allied sovereign whom she was apt to regard as a somewhat restless vassal. Though he was a dozen years older than the happy young prince on whose behalf she exercised her regency, she had known him from his boyhood, and his strong points and his weak were alike an old story to her.

His house was new—he had on his marriage, at a vast expense, made it quite foolishly so. His wife and his child were new; new also in a marked degree was the young woman who had lately taken up her abode with him and who had the air of intending to remain till she should lose that quality. But Tony himself—this had always been his name to her—was intensely familiar. Never doubting that he was a subject she had mastered, Mrs. Beever had no impulse to clear up her view by distributing her impressions. These impressions were as neatly pigeon-holed as her correspondence and her accounts—neatly, at least, save in so far as they were besprinkled with the dust of time. One of them might have been freely rendered into a hint that her young partner was a possible source of danger to her own sex. Not to her personally, of course; for herself, somehow, Mrs. Beever was not of her own sex. If she had been a woman—she never thought of herself so loosely—she would, in spite of her age, have doubtless been conscious of peril. She now recognised none in life except that of Paul's marrying wrong, against which she had taken early measures. It would have been a misfortune therefore to feel a flaw in a security otherwise so fine. Was not perhaps the fact that she had a vague sense of exposure for Jean Martle a further motive for her not expatiating to that young lady on Anthony Bream? If any such sense operated, I hasten to add, it operated without Jean's having mentioned that at the Bank he had struck her as formidable.

Let me not fail equally to declare that Mrs. Beever's general suspicion of him, as our sad want of signs for shades and degrees condemns me to call it, rested on nothing in the nature of evidence. If she had ever really uttered it she might have been brought up rather short on the question of grounds. There were certainly, at any rate, no grounds in Tony's having, before church, sent a word over to her on the subject of their coming to luncheon. “Dear Julia, this morning, is really grand,” he had written. “We've just managed the move to her downstairs room, where they've put up a lovely bed and where the sight of all her things cheers and amuses her, to say nothing of the wide immediate outlook at her garden and her own corner of the terrace. In short, the waves are going down and we're beginning to have our meals ‘regular.’ Luncheon may be rather late, but do bring over your charming little friend. How she lighted up yesterday my musty den! There will be another little friend, by-the-way—not of mine, but of Rose Armiger's, the young man to whom, as I think you know, she's engaged to be married. He's just back from China and comes down till to-morrow. Our Sunday trains are such a bore that, having wired him to take the other line, I'm sending to meet him at Plumbury.” Mrs. Beever had no need to reflect on these few lines to be comfortably conscious that they summarised the nature of her neighbour—down to the “dashed sociability,” as she had heard the poor fellow, in sharp reactions, himself call it, that had made him

scribble them and that always made him talk too much for a man in what, more than he, she held to be a “position.” He was there in his premature bustle over his wife's slow recovery; he was there in his boyish impatience to improvise a feast; he was there in the simplicity with which he exposed himself to the depredations, to the possible avalanche, of Miss Armiger's belongings. He was there moreover in his free-handed way of sending six miles for a young man from China, and he was most of all there in his allusion to the probable lateness of luncheon. Many things in these days were new at the other house, but nothing was so new as the hours of meals. Mrs. Beever had of old repeatedly dined there on the stroke of six. It will be seen that, as I began with declaring, she kept her finger on the pulse of Bounds.

## II.

When Jean Martle, arriving with her message, was ushered into the hall, it struck her at first as empty, and during the moment that she supposed herself in sole possession she perceived it to be showy and indeed rather splendid. Bright, large and high, richly decorated and freely used, full of “corners” and communications, it evidently played equally the part of a place of reunion and of a place of transit. It contained so many large pictures that if they hadn't looked somehow so recent it might have passed for a museum. The shaded summer was in it now, and the odour of many flowers, as well as the tick from the chimney-piece of a huge French clock, which Jean recognised as modern. The colour of the air, the frank floridity amused and charmed her. It was not till the servant had left her that she became aware she was not alone—a discovery that soon gave her an embarrassed minute. At the other end of the place appeared a young woman in a posture that, with interposing objects, had made her escape notice, a young woman bent low over a table at which she seemed to have been writing. Her chair was pushed back, her face buried in her extended and supported arms, her whole person relaxed and abandoned. She had heard neither the swing of the muffled door nor any footfall on the deep carpet, and her attitude denoted a state of mind that made the messenger from Eastmead hesitate between quickly retreating on tiptoe or still more quickly letting her know that she was observed. Before Jean could decide her companion looked up, then rapidly and confusedly rose. She could only be Miss Armiger, and she had been such a figure of woe that it was a surprise not to see her in tears. She was by no means in tears; but she was for an instant extremely blank, an instant during which Jean remembered, rather to wonder at it, Mrs. Beever's having said of her that one really didn't know whether she was awfully plain or strikingly handsome. Jean felt that one quite did know: she was awfully plain. It may immediately be mentioned that about the charm of the apparition offered meanwhile to her own eyes Rose Armiger had not a particle of doubt: a slim, fair girl who struck her as a light sketch for something larger, a cluster of happy hints, with nothing yet quite “put in” but the splendour of the hair and the grace of the clothes—clothes that were not as the clothes of Wilverley. The reflection of these things came back to Jean from a pair of eyes as to which she judged that the extreme lightness of their grey was what made them so strange as to be ugly—a reflection that spread into a sudden smile from a wide, full-lipped mouth, whose regular office, obviously, was to produce the second impression. In a flash of small square white teeth this second impression was produced and the ambiguity that Mrs. Beever had spoken of lighted up—an ambiguity worth all the plain prettiness in the world. Yes, one quite did know: Miss Armiger was strikingly handsome. It thus took her but a few seconds to repudiate every connection with the sombre image Jean had just encountered.

“Excuse my jumping out at you,” she said. “I heard a sound—I was expecting a friend.” Jean thought her attitude an odd one for the purpose, but hinted a fear of being in that case in the way; on which the young lady protested that she was delighted to see her, that she had already heard of her, that she guessed who she was. “And I daresay you've already heard of me.”

Jean shyly confessed to this and, getting away from the subject as quickly as possible, produced on the spot her formal credentials.

“Mrs. Beever sent me over to ask if it's really quite right we should come to luncheon. We came out of church before the sermon, because of some people who were to go home with us. They're with Mrs. Beever now, but she told me to come straight across the garden—the short way.”

Miss Armiger continued to smile.

“No way ever seems short enough for Mrs. Beever!”

There was an intention in this, as Jean faintly felt, that was lost upon her; but while she was wondering her companion went on—

“Did Mrs. Beever direct you to inquire of me?”

Jean hesitated.

“Of anyone, I think, who would be here to tell me in case Mrs. Bream shouldn't be quite so well.”

“She isn't quite so well.”

The younger girl's face showed the flicker of a fear of losing her entertainment; on perceiving which the elder pursued—

“But we sha'n't romp or racket—shall we? We shall be very quiet.”

“Very, very quiet,” Jean eagerly echoed.

Her new friend's smile became a laugh, which was followed by the abrupt question: “Do you mean to be long with Mrs. Beever?”

“Till her son comes home. You know he's at Oxford, and his term soon ends.”

“And yours ends with it—you depart as he arrives?”

“Mrs. Beever tells me I positively sha'n't,” said Jean.

“Then you positively won't. Everything is done here exactly as Mrs. Beever tells us. Don't you like her son?” Rose Armiger asked.

“I don't know yet; it's exactly what she wants me to find out.”

“Then you'll have to be very clear.”

“But if I find out I don't?” Jean risked.

“I shall be very sorry for you!”

“I think then it will be the only thing in this duck of an old place that I sha'n't have liked.”

Rose Armiger for a moment rested her eyes on her visitor, who was more and more conscious that she was strange and yet not, as Jean had always supposed strange people to be, disagreeable. “Do you like me?” she unexpectedly inquired.

“How can I tell—at the end of three minutes?”

“I can tell—at the end of one! You must try to like me—you must be very kind to me,” Miss Armiger declared. Then she added: “Do you like Mr. Bream?”

Jean considered; she felt that she must rise to the occasion. “Oh, immensely!” At this her interlocutress laughed again, and it made her continue with more reserve. “Of course I only saw him for five minutes—yesterday at the Bank.”

“Oh, we know how long you saw him!” Miss Armiger exclaimed. “He has told us all about your visit.”

Jean was slightly awe-stricken: this picture seemed to include so many people. “Whom has he told?”

Her companion had the air of being amused at everything she said; but for Jean it was an air none the less with a kind of foreign charm in it. “Why, the very first person was of course his poor little wife.”

“But I'm not to see her, am I?” Jean rather eagerly asked, puzzled by the manner of the allusion and but half suspecting it to be a part of her informant's general ease.

“You're not to see her, but even if you were she wouldn't hurt you for it,” this young lady replied. “She understands his friendly way and likes above all his beautiful frankness.”

Jean's bewilderment began to look as if she too now, as she remembered, understood and liked these things. It might have been in confirmation of what was in her mind that she presently said: “He told me I might see the wonderful baby. He told me he would show it to me himself.”

“I'm sure he'll be delighted to do that. He's awfully proud of the wonderful baby.”

“I suppose it's very lovely,” Jean remarked with growing confidence.

“Lovely! Do you think babies are ever lovely?”

Taken aback by this challenge, Jean reflected a little; she found, however, nothing better to say than, rather timidly: “I like dear little children, don't you?”

Miss Armiger in turn considered. “Not a bit!” she then replied. “It would be very sweet and attractive of me to say I adore them; but I never pretend to feelings I can't keep up, don't you know? If you'd like, all the same, to see Effie,” she obligingly added, “I'll so far sacrifice myself as to get her for you?”

Jean smiled as if this pleasantry were contagious. “You won't sacrifice her?”

Rose Armiger stared. “I won't destroy her.”

“Then do get her.”

“Not yet, not yet!” cried another voice—that of Mrs. Beever, who had just been introduced and who, having heard the last words of the two girls, came, accompanied by the servant, down the hall. “The baby's of no importance. We've come over for the mother. Is it true that Julia has had a bad turn?” she asked of Rose Armiger.

Miss Armiger had a peculiar way of looking at a person before speaking, and she now, with this tranquillity, delayed so long to answer Mrs. Beever that Jean also rested her eyes, as if for a reason, on the good lady from Eastmead. She greatly admired her, but in that instant, the first of seeing her at Bounds, she perceived once for all how the difference of the setting made another thing of the gem. Short and solid, with rounded corners and full supports, her hair very black and very flat, her eyes very small for the amount of expression they could show, Mrs. Beever was so “early Victorian” as to be almost prehistoric—was constructed to move amid massive mahogany and sit upon banks of Berlin-wool. She was like an odd volume, “sensibly” bound, of some old magazine. Jean knew that the great social event of her younger years had been her going to a fancy-ball in the character of an Andalusian, an incident of which she still carried a memento in the shape of a hideous fan. Jean was so constituted that she also knew, more dimly but at the end of five minutes, that the elegance at Mr. Bream's was slightly provincial. It made none the less a medium in which Mrs. Beever looked

superlatively local. That indeed in turn caused Jean to think the old place still more of a "duck."

"I believe our poor friend feels rather down," Miss Armiger finally brought out. "But I don't imagine it's of the least consequence," she immediately added.

The contrary of this was, however, in some degree foreshadowed in a speech directed to Jean by the footman who had admitted her. He reported Mr. Bream as having been in his wife's room for nearly an hour, and Dr. Ramage as having arrived some time before and not yet come out. Mrs. Beever decreed, upon this news, that they must drop their idea of lunching and that Jean must go straight back to the friends who had been left at the other house. It was these friends who on the way from church had mentioned their having got wind of the rumour—the quick circulation of which testified to the compactness of Wilverley—that there had been a sudden change in Mrs. Bream since the hour at which her husband's note was written. Mrs. Beever dismissed her companion to Eastmead with a message for her visitors. Jean was to entertain them there in her stead and to understand that she might return to luncheon only in case of being sent for. At the door the girl paused and exclaimed rather wistfully to Rose Armiger: "Well, then, give her my love!"

### III.

"Your young friend," Rose commented, "is as affectionate as she's pretty: sending her love to people she has never seen!"

"She only meant the little girl. I think it's rather nice of her," said Mrs. Beever. "My interest in these anxieties is always confined to the mamma. I thought we were going so straight."

"I dare say we are," Miss Armiger replied. "But Nurse told me an hour ago that I'm not to see her at all this morning. It will be the first morning for several days."

Mrs. Beever was silent a little. "You've enjoyed a privilege altogether denied to me."

"Ah, you must remember," said Rose, "that I'm Julia's oldest friend. That's always the way she treats me."

Mrs. Beever assented. "Familiarly, of course. Well, you're not mine; but that's the way *I* treat you too," she went on. "You must wait with me here for more news, and be as still as a mouse."

"Dear Mrs. Beever," the girl protested, "I never made a noise in all my life!"

"You will some day—you're so clever," Mrs. Beever said.

"I'm clever enough to be quiet." Then Rose added, less gaily: "I'm the one thing of her own that dear Julia has ever had."

Mrs. Beever threw back her head. "Don't you count her husband?"

"I count Tony immensely; but in another way."

Again Mrs. Beever considered: she might have been wondering in what way even so expert a young person as this could count Anthony Bream except as a treasure to his wife. But what she presently articulated was: "Do you call him 'Tony' to himself?"

Miss Armiger met her question this time promptly. "He has asked me to—and to do it even to Julia. Don't be afraid!" she exclaimed; "I know my place, and I sha'n't go too far. Of course he's everything to her now," she continued, "and the child is already almost as much; but what I mean is that if he counts for a great deal more, I, at least, go back a good deal further. Though I'm three years older, we were brought together as girls by one of the strongest of all ties—the tie of a common aversion."

"Oh, I know your common aversion!" Mrs. Beever spoke with her air of general competence.

"Perhaps, then, you know that her detestable step-mother was, very little to my credit, my aunt. If her father, that is, was Mrs. Grantham's second husband, my uncle, my mother's brother, had been the first. Julia lost her mother; I lost both my mother and my father. Then Mrs. Grantham took me: she had shortly before made her second marriage. She put me at the horrid school at

Weymouth at which she had already put her step-daughter."

"You ought to be obliged to her," Mrs. Beever suggested, "for having made you acquainted."

"We are—we've never ceased to be. It was as if she had made us sisters, with the delightful position for me of the elder, the protecting one. But it's the only good turn she has ever done us."

Mrs. Beever weighed this statement with her alternative, her business manner. "Is she really then such a monster?"

Rose Armiger had a melancholy headshake. "Don't ask me about her—I dislike her too much, perhaps, to be strictly fair. For me, however, I daresay, it didn't matter so much that she was narrow and hard: I wasn't an easy victim—I could take care of myself, I could fight. But Julia bowed her head and suffered. Never was a marriage more of a rescue."

Mrs. Beever took this in with unsuspended criticism. "And yet Mrs. Grantham travelled all the way down from town the other day simply to make her a visit of a couple of hours."

"That wasn't a kindness," the girl returned; "it was

"You make out a wonderful case," said Mrs. Beever, "and if ever I'm put on my trial for a crime—say for muddling the affairs of the Bank—I hope I shall be defended by someone with your gift and your manner. I don't wonder," she blandly pursued, "that your friends, even the blameless ones, like this dear pair, cling to you as they do."

"If you mean you don't wonder I stay on here so long," said Rose good-humouredly, "I'm greatly obliged to you for your sympathy. Julia's the one thing I have of my own."

"You make light of our husbands and lovers!" laughed Mrs. Beever. "Haven't I had the pleasure of hearing of a gentleman to whom you're soon to be married?"

Rose Armiger opened her eyes—there was perhaps a slight affectation in it. She looked, at any rate, as if she had to make a certain effort to meet the allusion. "Dennis Vidal?" she then asked.

"Why! Are there more than one?" Mrs. Beever cried; after which, as the girl, who had coloured a little, hesitated in a way that almost suggested alternatives, she added: "Isn't it a definite engagement?"

Rose Armiger looked round at the clock. "Mr. Vidal will be here this morning. Ask him how *he* considers it."

One of the doors of the hall at this moment opened, and Mrs. Beever exclaimed with some eagerness "Here he is, perhaps!" Her eagerness was characteristic; it was part of a comprehensive vision in which the pieces had already fallen into sharp adjustment to each other. The young lady she had been talking with had in these few minutes, for some reason, struck her more forcibly than ever before as a possible object of interest to a youth of a candour greater even than any it was incumbent on a respectable mother to cultivate. Miss Armiger had just given her a glimpse of the way she could handle honest gentlemen as "muffs." She was decidedly too unusual to be left out of account. If there was the least danger of Paul's falling in love with her it ought somehow to be arranged that her marriage should encounter no difficulty.

The person now appearing, however, proved to be only Doctor Ramage, who, having a substantial wife of his own, was peculiarly unfitted to promise relief to Mrs. Beever's anxiety. He was a little man who moved, with a warning air, on tiptoe, as if he were playing some drawing-room game of surprises, and who had a face so candid and circular that it suggested a large white pill. Mrs. Beever had once said with

regard to sending for him: "It isn't to take his medicine, it's to take *him*. I take him twice a week in a cup of tea." It was his tone that did her good. He had in his hand a sheet of notepaper, one side of which was covered with writing and with which he immediately addressed himself to Miss Armiger. It was a prescription to be made up, and he begged her to see that it was carried on the spot to the chemist's, mentioning that on leaving Mrs. Bream's room he had gone straight to the library to think it out. Rose, who appeared to recognise at a glance its nature, replied that as she was fidgetty and wanted a walk she would perform the errand herself. Her bonnet and jacket were there; she had put them on to go to church, and then, on second thoughts, seeing Mr. Bream give it up, had taken them off.

"Excellent for you to go yourself," said the Doctor. He had an instruction to add, to which, lucid and prompt, already equipped, she gave full attention. As she took the paper from him he subjoined: "You're a very nice, sharp, obliging person."

"She knows what she's about!" said Mrs. Beever with much expression. "But what in the world is Julia about?"

"I'll tell you when *I* know, my dear lady."

"Is there really anything wrong?"

"I'm waiting to find out."

Miss Armiger, before leaving them, was waiting too. She had been checked on the way to the door by Mrs.



"Why! Are there more than one?" Mrs. Beever cried.

an injury, and I believe—certainly Julia believes—that it was a calculated one. Mrs. Grantham knew perfectly the effect she would have, and she triumphantly had it. She came, she said, at the particular crisis, to 'make peace.' Why couldn't she let the poor dear alone? She only stirred up the wretched past and reopened old wounds."

For answer to this Mrs. Beever remarked with some irrelevancy: "She abused *you* a good deal, I think."

Her companion smiled frankly. "Shockingly, I believe; but that's of no importance to me. She doesn't touch me or reach me now."

"Your description of her," said Mrs. Beever, "is a description of a monstrous bad woman. And yet she appears to have got two honourable men to give her the last proof of confidence."

"My poor uncle utterly withdrew his confidence when he saw her as she was. She killed him—he died of his horror of her. As for Julia's father, he's honourable if you like, but he's a muff. He's afraid of his wife."

"And her 'taking' you, as you say, who were no real relation to her—her looking after you and putting you at school: wasn't that," Mrs. Beever propounded, "a kindness?"

"She took me to torment me—or at least to make me feel her hand. She has an absolute necessity to do that—it was what brought her down here the other day."

Beever's question, and she stood there with her intensely clear eyes on Doctor Ramago's face.

Mrs. Beever continued to study it as earnestly.

"Then you're not going yet?"

"By no means, though I've another pressing call. I must have that thing from you first," he said to Rose.

She went to the door, but there again she paused.

"Is Mr. Bream still with her?"

"Very much with her—that's why I'm here. She made a particular request to be left for five minutes alone with him."

"So Nurse isn't there either?" Rose asked.

"Nurse has embraced the occasion to pop down for her lunch. Mrs. Bream has taken it into her head that she has something very important to say."

Mrs. Beever firmly seated herself.

"And pray what may that be?"

"She turned me out of the room precisely so that I shouldn't learn."

"I think I know what it is," their companion, at the door, put in.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

When the news of Sir Augustus Harris's death reached London, my article on the loss of the *Drummond Castle* was not only in type but had probably been sent to press. At any rate, it was too late to substitute another for it. By the time this appears in print Sir Augustus will have been in his last resting-place for nearly a week, but many a day will go by before he is entirely forgotten: these few recollections will therefore not be altogether out of place.

They will deal with the man whom, in spite of the many articles written about him, few of the writers knew; with the man who was absolutely apart from the popular impresario and stage-manager; with the man who coolly, dispassionately, and deliberately seated himself in the critic's judgment-seat and almost mercilessly reviewed his own doings; with the artistically endowed man who laughed in his sleeve year after year at the praise bestowed on his spectacular melodramas, gorgeous pantomimes, and feats connected with his operatic management.

For, better than anyone, Augustus Harris knew that, from a literary, dramatic, and musical point of view,

and for nearly half an hour he conversed upon the desirability and value of adaptation in a manner which fully convinced me that he had instinctively grasped the question. "But," he concluded, "a translation such as you recommended first instead of an adaptation would simply prove a failure. Englishmen, at any rate the majority of English playgoers, do not care to know what Frenchmen do or would do under the circumstances; consequently, the manager must give them something which is utterly absurd and impossible, which could not happen, but which will make them laugh, unless," he added, "the manager will be content to undertake the education of the English playgoer, which," he laughed, "would be an expensive affair."

Shortly after this, I heard that the young fellow to whom I had been introduced, and whom, by then, I knew to be the son of a famous stage-manager, had taken the lease of Drury Lane. Among those who sneered most loudly at "the presumption of the thing" was the late John Ryder. "He was telling me," said the very old-fashioned and somewhat narrow-minded actor, "that his father had been a great stage-manager. I told him that my father had been a North-country pilot, but that I should be very sorry to have to handle a ship off our coast."



The Burning Village of Stalos.

Platanias.

THE TROUBLE IN CRETE: TURKISH TROOPS RETURNING TO CANEA AFTER FIRING NATIVE VILLAGES.

From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness.

"Then what is it?" Mrs. Beever demanded.

"Oh, I wouldn't tell you for the world!" And with this Rose Arniger departed.

(To be continued.)

Those who read everything that Mr. Kipling writes will remember his striking and beautiful story called "The Miracle of Puran Bagat." It told of a man who, having risen to the highest position in an Indian State, suddenly cast riches, position, friends to the winds, and wandered forth alone into the world, with no possessions but robe, staff, and bowl, to live a life of self-sacrifice and to seek spiritual knowledge. Briefly, he became a Sannyasin, an Indian word signifying complete renunciation of all worldly position. A year passes, and fiction becomes fact. An Indian Sannyasin is now amongst us—in London. He is known as Swami Vivekananda. Swami means "master"; Vivekananda is the name he took upon becoming a Sannyasin. A few days ago he delivered a lecture at Prince's Hall. The audience consisted of many ladies and a few men, who listened with respectful attention and some wonderment to the Swami's discourse. Dressed in a brown garment, shaped like a frock-coat, buttoned tight around his throat, with a red sash about his waist, and black broadcloth trousers down his legs, the Swami discoursed for over an hour in excellent English, and with occasional rapt incursions into Sanskrit. The subject-matter was a trifle too metaphysical for a fashionable London audience. The end of the discourse called forth a round of applause, which astonished, if it did not altogether please, the Swami.

this praise was utterly undeserved; that the words "literature, dramatic and musical art," became so many misnomers when applied to his productions: yet he rarely unburdened himself to this effect, not even to his familiars—in fact, less to his familiars—by which I mean those who, in the exercise of their duties, came into contact with him every day—than to others. If the true artistic sentiment that was in him found vent at all now and then, it was in conversation and consultation with his scene-painters, property-men, costume-designers, and costumiers. With his other collaborators, with actors and writers for the Press—the latter of whom found him invariably ready to oblige—the artistic sentiment was, if not hidden, never conspicuously put forward.

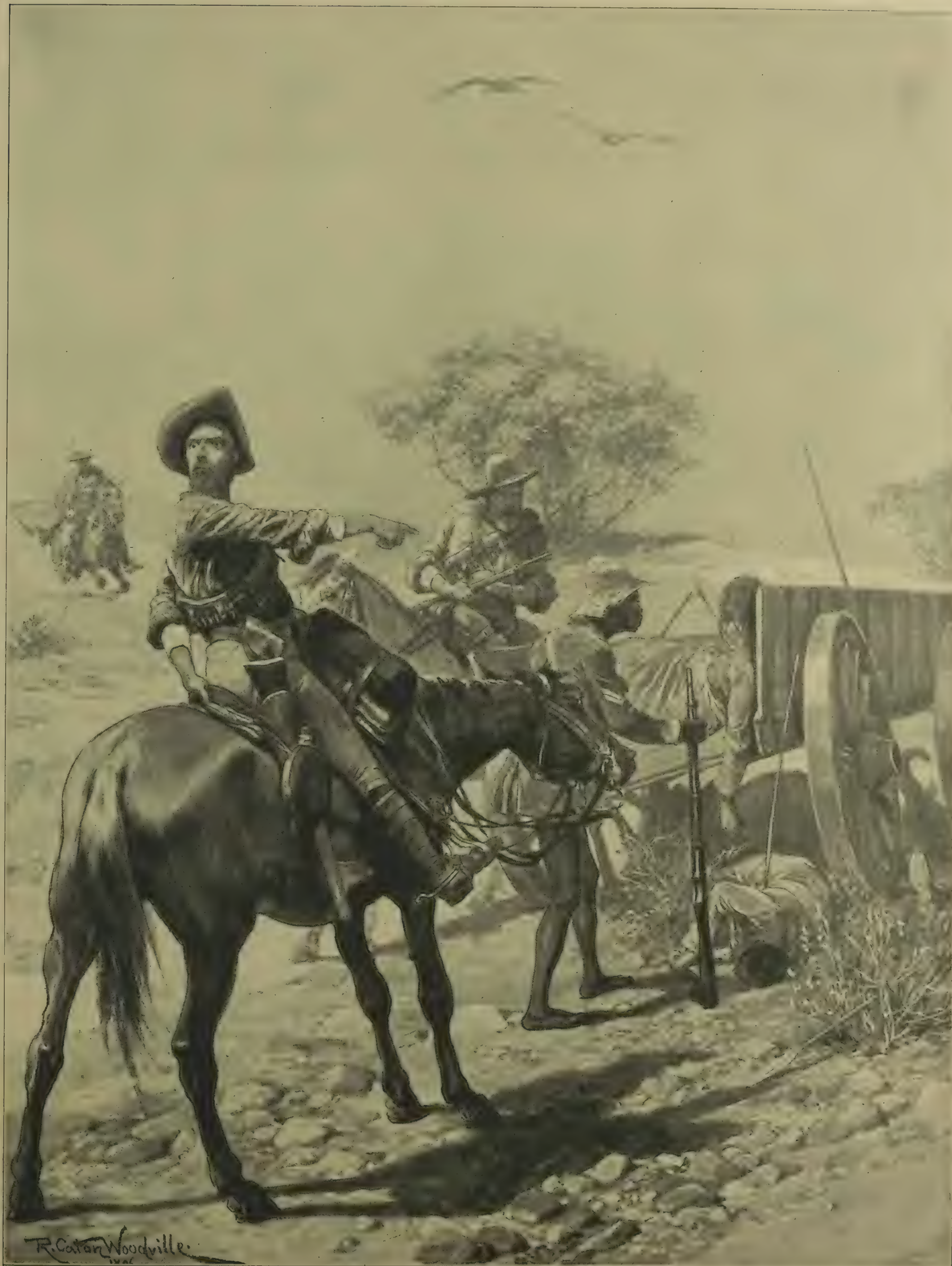
Yet, as I have said, the artistic sentiment was there; but he was aware that, reduced to practice, to inexorable practice, it would spell ruin to his undertakings. The first time I met Augustus Harris dates from a good many years ago. He was then playing in "Pink Dominoes." He was in the company of a friend, a well-known draughtsman, and I had not the remotest idea of his identity. The friend turned the conversation on the Criterion farce, and I frankly gave my opinion, which was to the effect that it was utterly silly in its English dress, inasmuch as the conditions of life which made the action possible—nay, probable—in Paris did not exist in England.

When I spoke I was ignorant that the young fellow to whom I had been introduced knew anything about French life. To my intense surprise he addressed me in French,

Ryder only expressed what many people thought. They made sure that there would be an attempt on the young lessee's part to revive Shakspeare on a magnificent scale, just as Calvert had done in Manchester; and, strange as it may seem, the majority quoted with satisfaction the words of Chatterton about Shakspeare meaning ruin to the manager, as if the ruin that Shakspeare spelt was not a positive reproach to England.

We all recollect what happened. Instead of Shakspeare we were given the most modern of melodramas (?) *une machine à tiroirs*, as the French call it, the evident aim of which was to attract the masses by a series of very cleverly executed *tableaux vivants*, the figures of which should tell some kind of cock-and-bull story; a kind of life-size magic-lantern entertainment, with a score of lecturers, each supplying the more or less intelligible explanation of his own share in the picture. I do not know whether I was surprised or disappointed, but I went to see Augustus Harris during the performance. He did not ask me what I thought of it. In fact, throughout the whole of our acquaintance, he never asked my opinion on his productions. He always disarmed criticism by one line. "On fait ce que l'on peut, mon ami, et non ce que l'on veut."

Only once he changed the line. That was during the Easter week of '95, when we happened to meet in Paris. "Ici, mon ami," he said significantly, "le directeur fait ce qu'il veut. But," he added, "here they are artists." I knew what he meant, and I also knew that in reality he was a greater artist than any of the Paris directors, but that he was bound by circumstances to hide his art.



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—ON THE TRACK OF THE REBELS: MURDEROUS WORK.

## VISIT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY TO LONDON.

A detachment of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of the State of Massachusetts, comprising some two hundred officers and men, under command of Colonel



Photo Notman, Boston.  
COLONEL FREEMAN A. WALKER,  
Commanding the Detachment now in England.

Walker, is now on a visit to England. Needless to point out, the origin of this famous American regiment, as its title suggests, may be traced to our own well-known London Artillery Company, whose headquarters are in Finsbury, and whose Captain-General and Honorary Colonel is the Prince of Wales. That, again, is a survival of the fittest of the historic city Trained Bands which in the civil war between Charles

and Cromwell wrought such speedy and signal service for the Parliament party.

Eight speeches delivered in Guildhall on the night of Thursday, Oct. 27, 1642, have come down to us. It is not difficult to imagine that such words as were spoken by Lord Saye and Sele on that stirring occasion were not forgotten in later times by the men of Boston when they were moved to fight for the independence of the commonwealth against King George III. of England. "This is now not a time for men to think with themselves that they will be in their shops and get a little money. In common dangers, let each man take his weapons in his hands; let every man therefore shut up his shop, let him take his musket and offer himself readily and willingly. Let him not think with himself, Who shall pay me? But rather let him think this: I will go forth to save the kingdom, to serve my God, to maintain His true religion, to save the Parliament, to save this noble city."

The Boston regiment proudly dates its beginnings from the year 1638, four years before that speech was spoken. On the inner shield of its regimental coat-of-arms it displays a steel-clad soldier of the Cromwell period and the above-given date. It has always maintained the most friendly relationship with the London company; indeed, its organisation was primarily due to one Robert Keayne, citizen of London and Merchant Taylor, who became a member of the Finsbury Company in 1623, and who, fifteen years afterwards, passed over to Boston.

The patriotism of Keayne is inscribed in the State records of Massachusetts, albeit the military spirit he invoked brought no good to England a century or so later. He was a Windsor man, reared under the towers of its Castle. The men of Boston hope, during their stay in England, to find the house Keayne was born in (so the writer is told), and thus by the irony of fate to perpetuate the memory of a citizen of London who first taught Boston citizens the art of trailing a pike and handling a musket to the undoing of the mother country. But we can nowadays afford to let such reminiscences pass.

International arbitration is in the air. We hope that the men of Massachusetts will on their side see to it that the already well-inflated balloon wrought with the red, white, and blue banners of England and America shall not fall from the sky "busted."

It is every way befitting that due honour should be paid to this representative body of the oldest military organisation of the United States, so closely connected by ties of friendly relationship with ourselves. It will be gratifying to Londoners to know that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,

with his usual desire to help forward any worthy movement tending to international goodwill, has found time, from his numerous other social appointments of the season, to dine with the Ancients and Honourables of Boston, and to inspect them at Marlborough House on the day following.

We may be sure that the Americans will not march within sound of Bow Bells without the ever-ready courtesy and hospitality of the Lord Mayor greeting them friendly, with due civic ceremony and the "loving cup." We shall, of course, show them all our well-known London sights: our venerable Minster of the West, our Hall of William Rufus, our world-famous Tower, our majestic Cathedral, our art galleries, museums, parks, theatres, clubs, shops, what not. They will be entertained right royally without a doubt at receptions, banquets, luncheons, suppers galore. Having done London, and frankly admitted, we hope, that in the month of July of all months in the year we "do you uncommonly well" (we mean in the social sense), the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts will seek out Shakspeare's birthplace, Kenilworth, Warwick, Edinburgh, Oxford, Cambridge, Chester, Wales, the Lakes, York, Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, and the several tourist resorts of our country. They will see the picturesque parts of beautiful Derbyshire and travel farther afield to North, Central, and South Wales, the North of Ireland, and so on. Finally they will make friends and acquaintances, we trust, of our people, and when they return home they will be able to tell Americans that the Britisher seeks no pleasanter occupation than that of showing his goodwill for the people of America.

It should be stated that Colonel Walker is an old army man who fought in the Civil War at the head of the 4th Infantry regiment in the Gulf department. At the close of his term of service he was honourably discharged, receiving this indorsement from General Banks: "He [Colonel Walker] was an honourable and patriotic officer; he was an ardent supporter of the policy of the war and of Mr. Lincoln's Administration; he never used his authority for personal purposes, and was prompt and faithful in the performance of his duties." Second in command and head of the Boston "London Committee" is Colonel S. M. Hedges. The detachment is accompanied by the Salem Cadet Band, under direction of Mr. Jean M. Missud.—C. E. P.



ORIGINAL COSTUME OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY

## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When I wrote here, lately, about "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," I did not know that there existed a copy in manuscript, with coloured illustrations by Thackeray. The manuscript was exhibited, in the second week of June, at Campden House, on Campden Hill. The drawings are much more amusing than those of Cruikshank. Even in the prison of the Turk Lord Bateman wears an earl's coronet, with plenty of red velvet. Thackeray kept just enough of mediævalism, for example, in the strangely crowded galley, where Lord Bateman sits, with his coronet on his head, while the unhappy daughter of the Crescent waves her despairing farewell. The manuscript would make a charming Christmas Book, and may contain various readings of enormous value to careful editors, like Mr. Forman. In the same little show was a faded miniature of a prig in a wig. It was ingeniously labelled, "The Young Pretender, James VIII., of Scotland." Such are the historical results of universal education. If James VIII. was the Young Pretender, who was the Old one? George I., perhaps, or Perkin Warbeck.

Talking of pretenders, and of Northumberland, or Northumberland (half of which Lord Bateman claimed as his private property), what a joy it is to have Mr. Swinburne back, in what I may respectfully call his old form! Here is a poet, if you please—not a pretender; here, in the "Tale of Balen," is poetry again, which you may verily read "for human pleasure." The young men drop out their tiny volumes of a hundred widely spaced pages, and the welkin rings with, no doubt, merited applause.

But Mr. Swinburne produces something substantial a story in which the sheer charm of the magnificent verse almost, but not altogether, robs the narrative of your attention. Here is spirit, and fire, and greatness; here are life and language fresh and, as it were, recreated, a paradise of sweet sounds and colours. One would gladly make long quotations for the mere pleasure of writing them out. The book reminds us that we still have a poet, one man whose innumerable notes are all his own, all unheard before his day; one whose former essays in narrative verse were (to my mind) diffuse, but who now tells with speed and spirit the tale—

Of men whose names like stars shall stand,  
Balen and Balan, sure of hand,  
Two brethren of Northumberland;  
In life and death good knights.

Since the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the Border has brought forth nothing so worthy of the Border: no echo so clear and strong of the lances that were shivered, and the harness that rang to sword-strokes on the Marches of the Kingdoms. Arthurian tales are apt to be languorous; this poem, refined and accomplished in form, has the spirit and strength of "Kinmont Willie." An ingenious critic, Q, has written on the abstract character of Mr. Swinburne's later manner, too abstract for my taste, but "Balen" is concrete enough. It is, once more, as in "Atalanta," thirty long years ago, a poem which you can read, as we did read poetry, thirty years ago, not languidly and critically, and making believe to enjoy, but aloud, in solitude, for the mere joy of the sound. This may seem a too enthusiastic series of remarks, but one who fancied that he was to blame and had lost the power of enjoying new poetry, feels like Louis XV. when he met Madame Du Barry; feels twenty-five again. It is an irreverent comparison, for there is nothing meretricious in "The Tale of Balen."

An anonymous benefactor acquainted with my ardent interest in the purity of the English language as written in America, sends a list of "New Americanisms," on a postcard. My friend, Professor Matthews, no less warmly concerned about the undefiled perfection of the language on our side of the sea, collects "Briticisms," and it takes him a year to make a bag. My correspondent writes that his list is "culled at random from the current number of Harper's Magazine for June. He gives his examples thus—

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. "To call on girls Sunday after-<br>noons."    | } Brander Matthews.    |
| 2. "He was so alone."                            |                        |
| 3. "His heart had slowed up."                    |                        |
| 4. "She isn't such a good-looker<br>as you are." |                        |
| 5. "Along about nine o'clock."                   | } John Kendrick Bangs. |
| 6. "I'm through with him."                       |                        |
| 7. "So stoop-shouldered."                        |                        |
|  | James Barnes.          |

"To call on girls Sunday afternoons": we say "on Sunday afternoons." Mr. Matthews's idiom I take for a kind of Greek genitive, "to call on girls Sunday afternoons." In No. 2 I do not feel so certain that the phrase is much more American than British. Perhaps we say, "so much alone," or, "so lonely," not "so alone." No. 3 is technical. To "slow up" is hardly classical English; one might even prefer, "his heart had slowed down." In an American patriotic song of victory one remembers reading, "They bloodied up that day." But this may have been a private license of language, not a national aberration, and to "slow up" may be an invention of Mr. Matthews's own. There are many such examples in Keats, coinages of the poet's brain, not Briticisms at all. So Mr. Matthews may have forged "to slow up," in the fiery hour of composition. So, too (4), "she isn't such a good-looker as you are" (if it means "not so fair to mortal view") may be a private coinage, not an Americanism. I never saw the expression before; it may be a *hapax legomenon*, and the sense may be elucidated by the context. As to "along about nine o'clock" (5), "along" seems superfluous. "I'm through with him" probably signifies "I have had enough of him," "I am done with him," or "I have exhausted my interest in him." I had read Mr. Bangs's tale, cited by my correspondent, and thought it rich in unfamiliar idioms: Americanisms I shall not call them, for they may (as in Keats's case) be due to the boiling and exuberant genius of the author. Mr. Barnes's (7) "so stoop-shouldered" sounds like a freshly minted poetic phrase, warm from the brain of the author. Thus a fair critic will not, without further evidence, name these seven flowers of speech Americanisms. The first is certainly a national phrase, and so, I fancy, is the fifth. On the rest judgment is reserved.

Londoners are beginning to wonder vaguely why they cannot have open-air restaurants in the parks like those in the Champs Elysées. It is an idea which often comes with an exceptionally fine summer, and is forgotten when the season changes. Mr. John Hollingshead suggests that something better might have been done with the Green Park than to allow it to become "an open-air doss-house for tramps." True, there is a little music in the Green Park, but it might be supplemented by a restaurant and even by a *café chantant*. These things, however, are not likely to commend themselves to the First Commissioner of Works.



Photo Elmer Chickering, Boston.  
COLONEL SIDNEY M. HEDGES,  
Chief of the Boston "London Committee."



## ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. FORESTIER.

AN INCIDENT AFTER THE WRECK OF THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE."

*One of the most touching sights in the simple, yet impressive, ceremonial with which the Breton fisher folk interred the bodies washed up after the wreck of the "Drummond Castle" was the tender care bestowed upon the coffin of the little girl, Alice Reed. In the funeral procession to the churchyard of Ushant the mothers of the village bore the coffin in turn, preceded by a little Breton girl who carried a beautiful wreath*

## LITERATURE.

"Rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" "Not a bit on it; she'll wish there was more," expresses in Wellerian terms the chief fault we have to find with Mr. James Payn's most interesting novel, *The Disappearance of George Driffell* (Smith and Elder). We thought ourselves clever to have guessed the secret of George Driffell's disappearance before it was divulged by the author, but our cleverness had overshot the mark in expecting another explanation of the manufacturer's almost incredible recklessness. "As regards our relations with the fair sex," observes the detective of the story with perfect truth, "character has little to do with a lapse; no, nor age, nor station, nor any other circumstance which might seem to presume our innocence. Unlike drunkards who break out at intervals after previous indulgence, we may break out in this direction at any time, and without the least sign of previous weakness." As every man, then, whatever his age, character or record, is liable to this nympholepsy, George Driffell, in spite of his age, character, and record, might conceivably have fallen a victim thereto; but surely so calculating and cautious a man as the canny manufacturer would not have risked almost certain detection, conviction, and penal servitude by remaining in London. When, therefore, we found him living without the shadow of a shade of apprehension in London, we concluded that his wife had been the bigamist, and that his serenity was due to his certainty of being beyond the reach of the law. Hence our cleverness overshot the mark, and was naturally disappointed by the sudden pull-up of the story without an explanation of George Driffell's perfect happiness underneath this dread sword of Damocles. It must not be supposed, however, that "The Disappearance of George Driffell" is a mere detective story, or, in other words, a mere riddle. On the contrary, you are far more interested in the personages whose fortunes are bound up incidentally with those of the levitating manufacturer than in his fate or in his secret.

*Behind the Arras.* By Bliss Carman. (Elkin Mathews.)—Mr. Carman has pregnant things to say, and his verse does not step lightly. He is exacting, and will take all your thoughts to follow him. His is young, impatient, vigorous poetry: it is modern and civilised in its insistent asking of grave questions. The soul in the house that the passions and conflicts and falls and victories of dead men have furnished looks life and death in the face, and will not be put off with conventions and disguises. There is not a poem in the book which has not a certain depth and width of thought. His imagination is far-reaching: occasionally, indeed, the thought suffers from being chased too long and too closely. The book stands out by comparison with light, easy, polished minor poetry. It suggests that it may have been born with throes. "The Face in the Stream," "A Song before Sailing," "The Night Express," "The Dustman," "The Sleepers"—in these Mr. Carman has got his thought out of the rough marble. In some of the other poems it is yet shapeless, and needing the hand of the craftsman. Mr. Carman admires Mr. Francis Thompson: he must avoid his pitfalls of long words and strange words. But he has a distinction of strength and manhood, and the poems are of flesh and blood. The designs by Mr. Meteyard are in excellent agreement with the verse.

"As Others See Us" is the general title of a new series of translations of books, in each of which some "intelligent foreigner" has communicated to his countrymen his impressions of England and the English. The conception is a good one, but everything depends on the foreign observer's qualifications for the task. A model book of the kind was Emerson's "English Traits," in which our shortcomings, as they appeared to a penetrating American philosopher, with a considerable personal knowledge of English life, were frankly pointed out, while justice was done to the traits which he saw to be distinctly good in our national character. "As Others See Us," edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, does not begin very promisingly with *The England of To-Day, from the Portuguese of Oliveira Martins*, translated by C. J. Wildey (George Allen). Senhor Martins is not an Emerson, and even were he much more sagacious and impartial than he is, his experience of England appears to have been very limited, as regards both time and place. For aught that his volume shows to the contrary, his visit to England may have lasted only a week or two, and have been confined to London, with no more distant excursions than to Richmond, Hampton Court, and Ascot. Yet a view of the London "lions," perambulations of its streets and parks, with apparently a very slender personal knowledge of its home life, entitles him, he seems to think, to indulge in such a sweeping generalisation as the following: "The English idea of civilisation, formal and showy as it is, consists in little else than vanity, self-indulgence, and appetite. It is just the natural idea of a savage." It is not wonderful, if a little pharisaical, that with such an opinion of English civilisation, the Senhor declares that he is "happy at not having been born an Englishman." The translation reads pretty smoothly, but the editor's vigilance seems sometimes at fault. For instance, foremost in the list of those whom Senhor Martins considers to be the most perfect of Shakspeare's heroines we have "Virginia," a character unknown to Shakspeare's English readers; probably Virgilia, the wife of Coriolanus, was intended. But she is, and was meant to be, an insignificant and almost colourless personage, and not worthy to be named in the same breath with Imogen (here spelt "Imogene"),

Desdemona, Juliet. The heroine in "Coriolanus" is not his wife, Virgilia, but his mother, Volumnia.

*The Pilgrim and Other Poems.* By Sophie Jewitt. (Macmillan.)—Mrs. Jewitt has lyrical grace and fluency, an unfailing sweetness of expression, and a measure of thought and fancy. Some of her sonnets are so good that one wonders why one is not more moved by them, until one recognises that her poetry is not absolutely essential. No passionate impulse has given her verse wings, nor did it want the occasion of strong emotion to come into being. She is at home with rondeaus and such artificial measures, which are by right the vehicle of a pretty fancy rather than of anything more vital. Hers is a womanly spirit, and her verse, tender and unexacting, will give pleasure to many for whom genius might prove a stumbling-block. Purity and simplicity are among the qualities of her verse, which has something in common with that of her countryman Longfellow, "loved of lorn women."

An interesting and suggestive book to others besides politicians has just appeared, Mr. Henry W. Lucy's *Diary of the Home-Rule Parliament 1892-1895* (Cassell and Co.). It brings home to you in the most striking and even startling way the unballasted heeling over from side to side of the constituencies within short intervals. In 1886 the electors returned the Conservatives with a majority of 116 against Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule; six years later, in 1892, they returned the Liberals with a majority of 40 for Home Rule, a verdict which they reversed over-



Photo Watery, Regent Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. VII.—MR. JAMES PAYN.

The popular novelist, whose latest story, "The Disappearance of George Driffell," is reviewed in these columns, has now for some eight years been particularly well known to readers of *The Illustrated London News* as the genial author of "Our Note Book." He was born at Cheltenham in 1830, and spent his schooldays at Eton. After a short period at Woolwich Academy he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and before taking his degree published a volume of verse entitled "Stories from Boccaccio." In 1858 he became editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in the pages of which his first two novels, "A Family Scapegrace" and "Lost Sir Massingberd," achieved great popularity. "By Proxy," "What He Cost Her," "High Spirits," "For Cash Only," and many other novels and tales from his prolific pen have since won a widespread vogue. From 1882 until the spring of the present year he was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which first gave to the world many of his entertaining "Recollections," literary and autobiographical, since extended and republished in several pleasant volumes.

whelmingly within but three years. Mr. Gladstone was staying at Dalmeny when there arrived a telegram in 1892 announcing the issue of the last doubtful contest in the General Election. The little group gathered in the library was not ungovernably enthusiastic at the aggregate results. One, gallantly putting the best face upon it, said "Well, we shall have a majority of forty." "Too small, too small," said Mr. Gladstone, slowly shaking his head and speaking in those deep tragic tones he reserves for occasions of greatest storm and stress." Mr. Lucy's Notes are vivid, picturesque, and dramatic.

You look back to the title-page upon reading *The Sin of Hagar* (Hutchinson and Co.) to reassure yourself that it really is by so practised a novelist as Helen Mathers. Its witch and wizard, Byronic villain who turns hero, and gushing hero who turns villain—all seem to have been conceived in a girls' school. Hagar, on whom a world of morbid sympathy is wasted, murders her father because he subjected her in the interests of science to hypnotic experiments. Nevertheless, she proceeds to subject to infinitely more infernal hypnotic experiments the one friend who had stood by her in her trouble. This is a feeble little

creature appropriately called "Sweetie," whose fiancé's love Hagar covets. Having failed, but only just failed, to hypnotise her into falling in love with his Byronic rival, Hagar uses her powers to estrange Sweetie from her husband by making her appear to him a drunkard, a virago, and a murderess. "Intoxication! I produced all its effects in her by merely making her look at the wine. Her fury—blows even! The emanations from a few grains of jusquiamme that I put near her produced those scenes. Murder! I myself placed the poison in the glass, but suggested to her that she was giving you a love-philtre, which she did, clumsily enough." A hypnotiser of this power turned loose in a novel allows the personages to be as wildly inconsistent as they choose. The greatest of all the surprises of this kind, however, is to discover at the close that Hagar herself is rather an ill-used person, more sinned against than sinning. When all her crimes are brought home to her she commits suicide, but "made a finer end, and went away as it had been any christom child." "Looking in her mirror as she turned round and round on her finger the hollowed-out seal-ring which held the poison, it occurred to her what a loss such beauty as hers would be to a mostly unbeautiful world of humans; and she wondered idly if the blue of her eyes would go back to the sea, the glory of her skin to the heart of a rose, the indestructible spirit of her to the God who made it fair, till her father's devilish training had fouled and ruined it."

Among the stirring stories in *The Honour of the Flag* (Fisher Unwin), Mr. Clark Russell confides to us adventures of his own when a midshipman, which bear out his contention that the sailor goes to sea holding his life in his hand. But surely he is unjust in suggesting that the landsman does not realise this. It is our realisation of it that gives Mr. Clark Russell such scope as only a nautical novelist would be allowed. As the constant sense of danger and dependence makes the sailor superstitious, so the vivid realisation of these conditions makes the landsman credulous. If, for instance, the scene of "The Adventures of Three Sailors" were laid anywhere but in mid-ocean who could accept its improbabilities? Three sailors, adrift in mid-ocean, immediately after feeling the shock of a seaquake, are amazed by the sight of two ships of the olden time locked together in a death grapple. They had been floated up from fathomless depths and the rest and rust of a hundred years on the body of a dead whale! At the moment of the seaquake the whale was swimming towards the wrecks, and the explosion at once killed the whale and shot the two interlocked ships on to its back—a dead whale being sufficiently buoyant to float not only itself but two great ships! What a boy's story it would make if the pirate ship were treasure-laden! And, indeed, we fear that only a boy's indiscriminating appetite for marvels could swallow it, even as it stands, without a qualm.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Most of the unfavourable criticism of Mr. Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has come from his own country. Here its merits have been fully recognised. It may be of interest, however, to state that General Sir Evelyn Wood—than whom a braver man never lived—has expressed the opinion that Mr. Crane's work is quite the finest thing in that line that has ever been done, and that the intuitions of the boy who has never seen war are worth far more than the experiences of any writer known to him, even though he may have been in the thick of the fiercest battle.

I have it on indisputable authority that all the stories concerning Mr. Astor's negotiations with Mr. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, are pure fiction. Mr. Astor, it would seem, has no new journalistic enterprises in contemplation, and so far as his existing publications are concerned, he shares with the public the opinion that he is being thoroughly well served.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood writes to remind me that Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" was dedicated to him, and I have Mr. Barrie's endorsement that Mr. Greenwood was literary godfather of the Kailyard school of fiction. It was, I may add, "When a Man's Single," that Mr. Barrie dedicated to another of his dear friends—Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

Mr. James Bowden has retired from the firm of Ward, Lock, and Bowden, of which he has been managing director, and will start an independent business, thus adding yet another to the muster roll of English publishers. Mr. Bowden was associated with Mr. Ward and the late Mr. George Lock, the two founders of the firm, for a quarter of a century, and of late he has been full of many projects which have given lustre to the house in Salisbury Square—notably the *Windsor Magazine*, now, I understand, an assured success. A great deal of credit is also due to Mr. Bowden for the immense strides which the firm has made in securing a more modern and tasteful format for their books.

Mr. Robert Barr, the well-known author, is naturally very indignant at the statement made by the *New York Sun* to the effect that he has been confined in an asylum for inebriates. Mr. Barr proposes to bring an action against the *Sun* for libel.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, the editor of the *New York Critic*, is at present on a visit to England. Mr. Louis Becke, whose Australian stories have been so widely read in this country, will arrive here very shortly from Sydney.

C. K. S.



THE PRINCE IN HIS PRINCIPALITY.—INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE WELSH UNIVERSITY; THE PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

THE SAILORS AT THE SISTINE.

BY DEAN BUTCHER.

Rome, June 15.

All the week Rome has been "occupied" in a purely friendly way by the British. The Mediterranean Fleet is at Civita Vecchia, and Admiral Culme-Seymour has allowed leave to a large number of officers, bluejackets, and marines, who have been seeing the wonders of the Eternal City with a thoroughness which is absolutely British. They have walked through the long galleries of the Vatican with, it must be confessed, somewhat weary faces. They have driven through the superb Borghese Gardens, now in perfection, for Rome, like Cairo, is at its best when the fashionable world deserts it. Amid the groves of chestnut and ilex on the lawny slopes they have enjoyed themselves immensely, forgetting, we hope, those long months of restraint on the coast of Asia Minor, when they were "spoiling for a fight" with the Turk. They have climbed the Pincian and made acquaintance with its "silent family," as the marble statues of Italian heroes that cover it are aptly named; they have explored the Castle of St. Angelo, and wondered at its grim prisons, and speculated how long it would resist modern siege-guns; but chiefly have they delighted in the bright, busy streets, and the carriages that take you anywhere almost for a paper lira!

Last Sunday, however, there was a striking and unique ceremonial at which the tars assisted, and where they showed themselves in a new attitude. His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., though he has only lately recovered from illness and is weak from old age, announced his desire to see the Roman Catholic officers and sailors who were in Rome at a celebration of Mass at the Sistine Chapel.

Thither, fortunate in getting an admission, I proceeded at seven o'clock, for though the Mass was announced to begin at eight, I was told it was well to be early. Through the long galleries which you enter from the Gate of Bronze, past the colossal bas-relief of Constantine, I hurried, ticket in hand, between groups of Papal Guards. On entering the chapel, one of the attendants in evening dress, with a gold chain, designated me a seat. Here I waited an hour and a half; but who can esteem it other than a privilege to be allowed to sit and wonder in the Sistine? Of course the stir of the gathering and expectant crowd distracted me somewhat. One's eye wandered from the Prophets, Archangels, and Sybils on the walls, to the yellow and red Papal Guards (the one nearest me would have been a model for "Le Balafre" in "Quentin Durward"), and to the grave cardinals and priests and choristers who took their places, often with a kindly word to the visitor for whom they had secured admission. At ten minutes before eight there is a murmur and a straining of necks, then a clink of swords, and Admiral Culme-Seymour and his staff enter, followed by the guests of the day, the fresh hearty sunburnt bluejackets seeming to bring the breezy air of Devonshire along with them into the crowded chapel. It is surprising to see with what quietness and quickness they take possession of the whole place—officers with their gold lace and epaulettes in front, blue-shirted sailors in the middle, and a fringe of red-coated marines at the back. So all the vacant area is filled, from the open screen which keeps back the ordinary spectators, to the altar with its crimson baldachino, lights, and crucifix, to which every sailor bows as he enters. The unwonted guests have just time to settle in their places when the heavy curtained doors open and the Guards form up. A few clergy file in, then the gentlemen in the seventeenth-century costume of black silk, and last, in his golden chair of state (*sella gestatoria*), borne by servants in crimson velvet, the Holy Father. The pageant has been so often described and painted that it is familiar to everyone. Suffice it to say that the Pope looked marvellously well, smiled graciously, and showered blessings on all with "his slender, white, benedictive hand." The Mass began, and as it proceeded I was struck by the intense reverence of the sailors. At certain times, when all knelt, the floor of the Sistine, from the altar and its ministering priests to the place where I stood, presented a mass of bowed English heads. The service lasted long, but the most striking point was reserved for its close. As the Pope was borne out in the same stately procession, blessing as he went, the sailors, one and all, broke out into three strong ringing British cheers. Were these sounds ever heard before in the Sistine Chapel?

The muzzling order is assailed by an organisation called the National Canine Defence League. The argument of the League is that as so many dogs have been destroyed since the order came into force there can be no further need for it. This seems scarcely conclusive, neither does the suggestion that the authorities are controlled by the "pro-Pasteurian party," whatever that may be. The League appears to think that if there is such a disease as rabies it is caused by muzzles. People who do not accept this theory will not mind being called pro-Pasteurians.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, commencing Wednesday, July 1, the Night Special Express Service by the Newhaven and Dieppe route, London to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 8.50 p.m. every week-day and Sunday, carrying the late mail from London to the Continent, will not leave until 9.45 p.m., and be accelerated to arrive in Paris at the same time, 7.45 a.m.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, II S BRANDRETH (Fairholme).—There are collections by Laws, Rayner, and other composers, but you had better apply for a list to J M Brown, 19, Ragby Street, Leeds.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Your problem appears sound, and shall be published in due order.

J McROBERT (Crossgar).—All your problems are faulty, and in any case too weak for publication.

F W ANDREW (Lower Clapton).—No apology is necessary; we are too familiar with the ropes to desire it. The further contribution shall be examined.

W BIDDLE (Stratford).—You had better send us a diagram of the amended problem, and let us see the other at the same time.

T ISAAC (Maldon).—1. Kt to Kt 7th solves the problem.

II T ATTERBURY.—We fail to see your point. The move you object to is obviously the most powerful at White's command, and speedily leads to a won game. What more do you want?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2717 and 2718 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2722 from G M Towle (Quebec); of No. 2723 from Otto Schmid (Zurich), F R Barratt (Northampton), J M Gretton (Boulogne), and Oliver Ingela; of No. 2724 from Ubique, J L Ralph (Purley), Oliver Ingela, J Priestley, Otto Schmid (Zurich), J M Gretton (Boulogne), C R M (Ayr), F R Barratt (Northampton), J Bailey (Newark), Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Albert Wolff, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H H (Peterborough), G T Hughes (Athy), C W Smith (Stroud), J D Tucker (Leeds), John McRobert (Crossgar), C A Hill (Liverpool), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), and H M Farrington.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2725 received from Mark Dawson (Horsforth), F Leete (Sudbury), Sorrento, H M Farrington, J D Tucker (Leeds), H H (Peterborough), Oliver Ingela, Martin F, J L Ralph, II S Brandreth, W H Williamson (Belfast), Meursius (Brussels), Alpha, W P Hind, R H Brooks, F R Barratt (Northampton), B Copland (Chelmsford), Fred J Gross, Tuxen (Newcastle), R Worters (Canterbury), F Waller (Luton), C M A B, W C D Smith (Northampton), Captain Spencer, Shadforth, F A Carter (Maldon), M Rieloff, Henry Le Jeune, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), Frank Proctor (Knocke), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), J Cook (Durham), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), II T Atterbury, Castle Lea, C W Smith (Stroud), J S Wesley (Exeter), T Roberts, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F James (Wolverhampton), Dr F St, E B Poord (Cheltenham), The Craig-y-don (Llandudno), M A Eyre (Boulogne), A J Merton (Merthyr), J Isaac (Maldon), S Davis (Leicester), T Chwun, H Rodney, C E Perugini, C R H, E P Vulliamy, Frater, M Burke, Bluet, J H Downes (East Finchley), Hereward, C E M (Ayr), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Dawn, and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

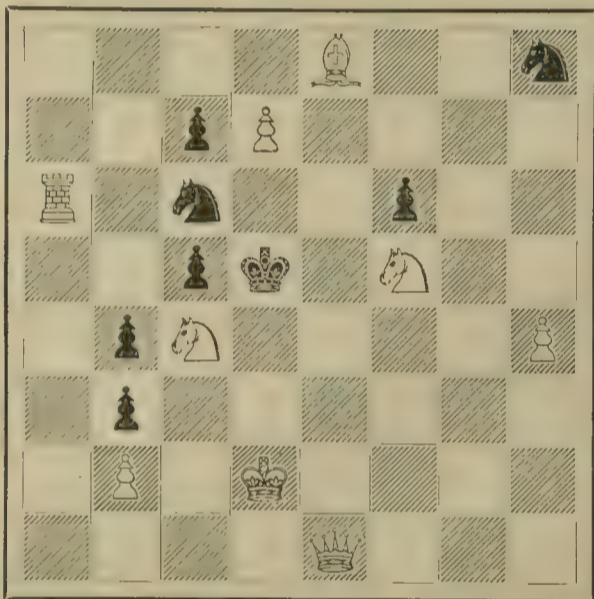
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2721.—By W. R. COE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K R 8th Any move  
2. Kt or It mates

PROBLEM No. 2727.

By F. G. TUCKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at the Hastings Chess Club between Messrs. Bird and Chapman on the one side and Messrs. Finn and Mr. J. H. Blackburne on the other. (Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (B. and C.).	BLACK (F. and B.).	WHITE (B. and C.).	BLACK (F. and B.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16.	Kt takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P takes Kt	Kt to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th		Black has now an excellent position, which soon develops a formidable attack.
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	19. Q to Q sq	B to R 3rd
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	20. R to K sq	Q to R 5th
7. P takes P	P takes P	21. B to K 3rd	Q R to Q sq
8. B to Q 3rd		22. Kt to Q 2nd	
So far the game is strictly in accordance with the books, but now B to K 2nd ought to have been the continuation.			
9.	B to K 2nd		There seems nothing better, as the Queen is threatened by Kt to K 7th (ch), etc.
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	Castles	22.	R to K 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	23. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q sq
12. Castles	B to Q 3rd	24. B takes Kt	K P takes B
White has lost the advantage of the first move, and never regains it.			
13.	R to K sq	25. P to K 5th	R to Kt 3rd
14. B to K 4th	R to Kt sq	26. Kt to Q R 4th	B to Kt 2nd
15. P to Q R 3rd	P to B 4th	27. R to K 4th	R takes P (ch)
16. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B 3rd	28. R to B 4th	
The ending is very neat.			
17.	R to K sq	29. K to B sq	R to Kt 3rd
18. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	30. P to B 4th	Q to Q 2nd
19. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th (ch)	31. P to Kt 4th	B takes Kt and wins.
20. K to K sq		32. K to K sq	

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between the Philadelphia and Manhattan Chess Clubs. (Scotch Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Baird, New York).	BLACK (Mr. H. G. Voigt, Philadelphia).	WHITE (Mr. Baird, New York).	BLACK (Mr. H. G. Voigt, Philadelphia).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	13. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes R
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14.	P to K B 4th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to B 5th
4. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3rd	16. Kt to R sq	P to B 6th
5. Kt takes Kt		17. B to B sq	P takes P
This continuation seems hardly so good as B to K 3rd.			
6.	Kt P takes Kt	18. K takes P	R to B 6th
7. Castles	B to K Kt 2nd	19. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
8. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 3rd	20. K to R 2nd	R takes Q B P
9. P to Q B 3rd	Castles	The game would be worthy of note if only for this fine stroke.	
10. R to K sq	R to Q Kt sq	21. P takes R	P to B 6th (ch)
11. P to K R 3rd		22. K to R sq	Kt takes R
The object of this move is not apparent.			
12. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	23. R takes R	Kt takes Q
13. R to Q Kt sq	Kt to K 4th	24. B to Q 6th	Q takes P (ch)
14. Kt to B sq		25. K to Kt sq	Kt to K 8th
White does not meet Black's powerful delay it by a few useless checks.			

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A curious circumstance has been reported from San Marcos, Texas, with reference to the discovery of a new member of the amphibian class, which ranks the frogs, newts, and like creatures as its typical representatives. These animals all begin life with gills and end life with lungs. In some instances the gills disappear when lungs are developed, this being the case with the frogs, toads, and newts; while in others of the class the gills remain to co-exist with the lungs throughout life. In the latter instance we find the typical amphibian characteristics, because the animal is truly fitted for a life on land and in water. The best known of the group which has gills and lungs co-existent is the *Proteus* of the underground caves of Carniola and Dalmatia. It is a long-bodied, whitish-coloured animal, the absence of colour being due, no doubt, to its life below ground. The four limbs are very weak, and its eyes, on the theory of disuse, are of very small size. On each side of its neck are three plume-like gills and two gill-clefts.

The *Proteus* has now a companion in the singular creature which has appeared at San Marcos in a manner as curious as its history is interesting. It seems that an artesian well was being bored at the locality just named. The bore had reached a depth of 188 ft. With the upward rush of water came a variety of zoological specimens, in the shape of crustaceans (animals of the shrimp class), and among them the new amphibian. All the crustaceans are white and destitute of eyes, while their feet and their feelers are extremely long: a circumstance not unknown in deep-sea forms, and presenting us evidently with an adaptation to the dark, since these elongated members will do duty as touch-organs, warning their possessors of the presence of their prey, or of enemies. The new amphibian is completely blind, and its legs are also remarkably developed. They are very long and slender, and are credited with serving as tactile organs. The tail is adapted for swimming. The colour of the body is white, speckled on the upper surface with greyish dots.

This, I say, is a very curious find. The well has evidently tapped some underground lake or cistern, to which these creatures have gained access, and in which they exist as naturally as do their congeners above ground. How interesting it would be if the original track of these creatures from the upper to the nether world could be traced; for I presume nobody supposes the subterranean depths represent their original habitat. At least they must be the descendants of amphibians which were the children of light. It would form an interesting point to note the exact development of the lungs in this new amphibian, on which the name *Typhlomolge rathbuni* has been bestowed. If the creature's existence is wholly aquatic, we might expect the lungs to exhibit signs of a rudimentary or vestigial kind, indicating, like the eyes, the effects of disuse.

Under the auspices of the Apollinaris Company, a very valuable mineral water, adapted for medicinal purposes, has been introduced into this country under the name of "Apenta." This product is a bitter water, derived pure and in a perfectly natural condition, from the Uj Hunyadi springs, situated near Budapest. It belongs to the class of purgative waters; but its action happens to be of a mild and non-irritating character, due to the presence of a large quantity of sulphate of magnesia, which exceeds in quantity the sulphate of soda. The former is the milder purgative, and the somewhat crude action of the soda sulphate of other waters is therefore avoided in Apenta, a fact which cannot fail to increase its medicinal value in a marked degree. The water also contains traces of lithia. Sufferers of gouty tendencies will appreciate this latter point, and the other qualities of Apenta will equally commend it to the notice of this class of patients. The guarantee that this water is offered to the public in a pure state is founded on the fact that the spring has been placed under the absolute control of the Royal Hungarian Chemical Institute, over which the Ministry of Agriculture exercises supervision. Apenta should become a favourite water for family medicinal use, and in many of the slight derangements of life, whereof digestive troubles, biliousness, and the like are examples, it will be found serviceable, while cases of "torpid liver" are said to benefit largely by its regular employment.

I was very much struck the other day, when perusing an article by my friend Dr. G. W. Balfour, on the effect of a certain drug on the heart. Dr. Balfour was remarking on the necessity for sending patients with heart troubles to bed, and emphasised the great gain which accrues to the heart from the recumbent posture. This posture at once lowers the pulse-rate by an average of twelve (6-16) beats per minute, and it is added that in weakly and ill-fed patients the reduction is often of greater amount. Now this lowering of the pulse-rate means a great deal to the heart in the way of rest through reduction of its work. The amount of rest-increase to the heart when a patient rests in bed, actually comes to two hours in each twenty-four. The heart is getting twenty-four hours' work out of twenty-two actual working hours in short; and the effect of this heart-holiday on a weak and wearied organ must, of course, be proportionately great and advantageous.

Speaking of the heart, it may be interesting to remind my readers that it really rests as much as it works. Between its beats there are pauses—a long pause and a short one—and the beats and the pauses exactly correspond; so that the heart is like a workman that takes short spells of rest between short spells of work. When Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a physiologist, wrote of the heart—

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,  
For ever quivering o'er its task,

he was using his poetic license freely. The heart is not an incessant worker, and when we go to bed we can see how the recumbent posture itself forms no small part of the essentially reparative and renewing processes which the body undergoes in the silent watches of the night.



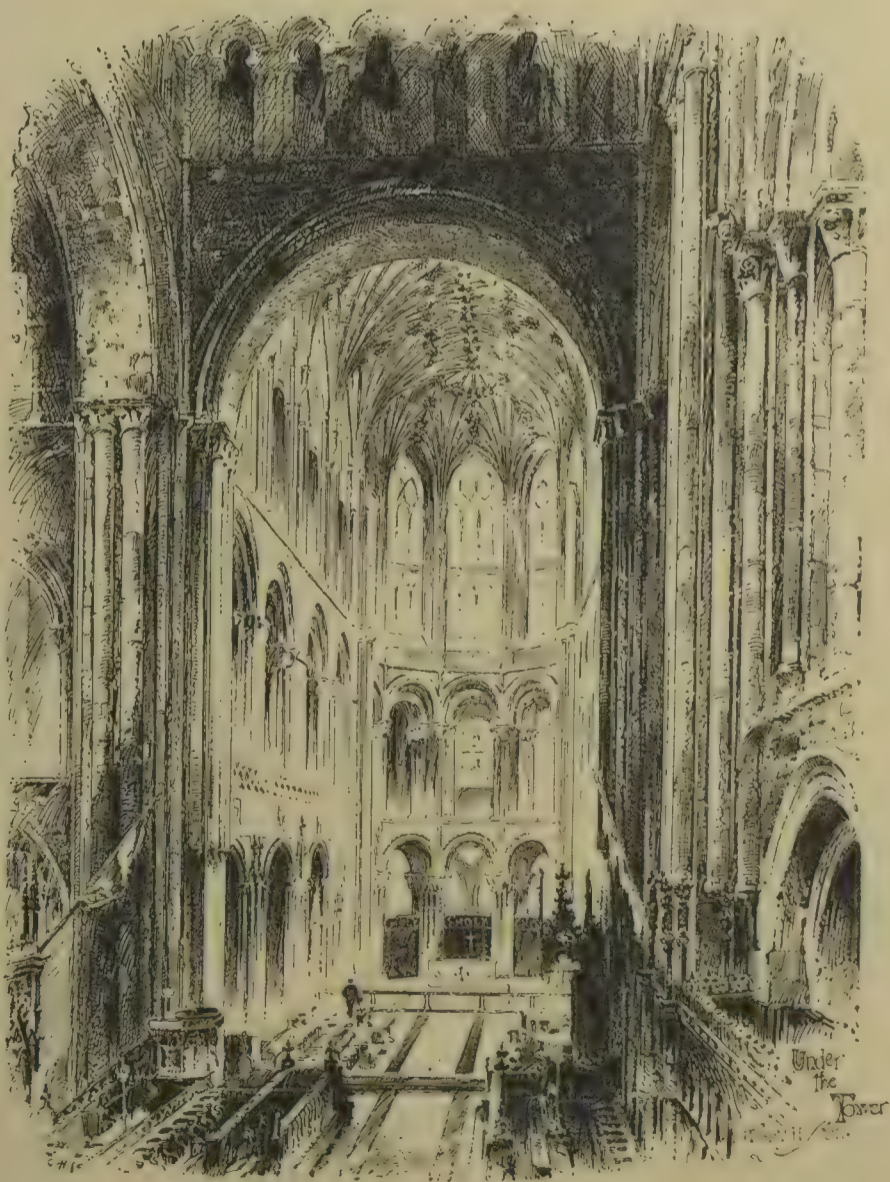
Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE RIGHT REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS, BISHOP OF NORWICH.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
THE VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, DEAN OF NORWICH.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST.

THE EIGHT HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*

Recent tidings from the expeditionary force now advancing towards Dongola under the command of the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, have not been particularly eventful. The utter rout of the Dervish troops at Ferket and the subsequent occupation of the important military stronghold of Suarda, on the bank of the Nile, seem, for the time at least, to have paralysed the enemy, and many deserters from their ranks have now joined the Egyptian Army, while the total number of refugees of the local population now exceeds two thousand. The Governor of Dongola, Wad el Bishara, evidently has reason to fear the spreading of this disaffection, for he has seized and imprisoned a number of Sheikhs who are believed to favour the advancing force. He has also summoned all the Kabbabish Arabs of the surrounding district to Dongola, and is reported to have dispatched a military force to occupy the important position of Kerman, near the Third Cataract. These steps seem to have been inspired by the alarming report of Osman Azrah, who was wounded at Ferket and appears to have been much impressed by the strength of the Egyptian army, whose guns, he said, "poured out their fire like water." It is not yet known whether the Dervishes will hold Dongola against an advance or will fall back upon Omdurman, but their anxiety is evident. On the occasion of a recent sortie of two squadrons of cavalry and a company of the Camel Corps southward from Suarda, under the command of



ABABDEH FRIENDLY ARABS.

Captain Mahon, the Dervishes not only abandoned a riverside dépôt and a large supply of corn, but, in their panic, even left behind three large boats, laden with their wounded, which were being towed from the Third Cataract by one of the small steamers which have been in their possession since the days of beleaguered Khartoum.

The village of Suarda has been strongly fortified against attack. On the southern side, which is held by the 12th Battalion, under Major C. V. Townshend, a stockade has been constructed which renders the place impervious to any Dervish onset from the south; and the other sides of the stronghold are protected by the artillery and the Maxim and field guns. The house of the late Commander Hammuda, which is enclosed by a massive wall, has been turned into a strong fortress. No organised occupation of the country south of Suarda has yet been established, but the Dervishes have retreated before several patrols that have been sent out. The country both in this district and throughout the region between Ferket and Suarda has been reduced to a state of utter desolation by the demoralising influences of Dervish misrule.

The work of continuing the railway from Akasheh is proceeding apace. The completion of the line up to that point and its formal opening for traffic were celebrated with many rejoicings. The railway has since been advanced more than a mile beyond Akasheh.



TRANSPORT BY BOAT THROUGH THE SECOND CATARACT: TOWING AND ROWING COMBINED.

# THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

*From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*



A HALT IN THE DESERT WITH THE FRIENDLIES.



COLONEL BURN MURDOCH AND LORD FINCASTLE SHOWING THE HORSES CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY.

## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

The most prominent feature of fashion at the moment—and this I know because I have interviewed every good gown there is in the market, besides paying visits to all worthy fêtes and receiving direct news from the authorities



GRASS-LAWN DRESS WITH CHIFFON FRONT.

in Paris—is the corselet. This admits of all variety of treatment. The easiest way of making it is of folded ribbon, when it usually fastens at the side or the front with assertive ends knotted together. Made of chiné glacé ribbon it has charms, but it undoubtedly looks its best when treated as I have seen it treated at Jay's in glacé ribbon of three colours. But the corselet under these circumstances is merely a very broad belt. Under more elaborate conditions it is to be found draped into a long point in the front brought into folds just beneath the bust, when it is either made of ribbon or of satin draped with chiffon or of plain satin jewelled and traced with embroideries. On the whole, the most becoming corselet measures from six to seven inches in depth, and may easily be manipulated by the amateur with the aid of the glacé ribbon to which I have just alluded or a plaid canvas ribbon. Three shades of red would be found very successful—geranium tone, rose colour, and the faintest pink, for instance. Then three shades of green—emerald, peacock, and grass-green will look charming on a blue serge dress, which should be further embellished with a bolero of Irish lace edged with a kilted frill of blue lawn worn over a shirt of blue lawn, with sleeves of the serge to match the plain skirt. The lace bolero is another feature of fashion. This adorns that dress sketched on this page, which is made of grass-lawn with a front of white chiffon striped with narrow lines of white satin ribbon, the belt being of bright green fastened with an enamelled buckle. The other costume sketched is of black and white foulard, with trimmings of narrow black velvet ribbon and a vest of white chiffon striped with lace. Chiffon, although it has been among us now for many years, is still dearly beloved of the few who understand the art of costume—its possibilities are endless, while it is universally becoming. It is quite *en règle* now to use chiffon of one colour over chiffon of another colour, pale pink draped over pale yellow worn over a pink and yellow glacé shot silk has a delightful effect, which may be further enhanced by a Tuscan hat trimmed with pink and yellow roses tied with black velvet ribbons.

This season the Parisians have delighted to honour comparatively common and cheap materials such as linen and batiste and grass lawn, rendering these at once things of beauty by elaborate embroideries, motifs of lace, and linings of shot silk. Such dresses are, of course, fleeting joys, but then they are very real joys when in the zenith of their youth and beauty. A very curious gown I met had a skirt of pale eau du Nil linen and a short coat of light blue linen, the latter embroidered in white. This was belted with blue and green ribbons, and showed an under-bodice of white tucked lawn. One or two of the newest gowns display double skirts, the upper one being considerably the shorter. The effect is quaint, but not becoming, for such tricks are apt to diminish one's apparent height.

Of all the hats which the milliners have devised for our benefit this year, those of light pink straw are undoubtedly the most becoming, especially when the brims are bound with black velvet ribbon; and, by the way, the binding of black velvet is indispensable now to the Panama hat which

is worthy of the name. A most pleasing example of the pink hat I have met trimmed with one large spray of red roses, while beneath the brim at the back were two large rosettes of pink glacé-silk of a totally different shade. The combination of silks of the same colour in a different shade is decidedly new and as decidedly attractive, but at the moment I suppose I have no right to be discoursing upon new fashions when the sales are in their prime and the models which have been are being sacrificed by the dozen. Those who buy with discretion may be trusted into the best establishments while reductions are the order of the day, but the discreet ones are limited in number. We are all much too apt to rush at the merely cheap, ignoring all consideration of the useful or even the attractive—an observation this which looks like a moral lecture. But on the whole women may be advised to observe the significant stamp inside the belts of the model gowns, to collect only the works of the best authors, to note that the silken lining extends its influence through bodice and skirt, and to be sure, above all things, that they do not buy clothes which are not quite clean. It always seems to me a most reprehensible practice, and yet it is one pursued widely, the purchase of frocks which have not only lost their first freshness but are absolutely dirty. Tulle ball-gowns have I seen being eagerly rushed at by a crowd of enthusiasts which were not slightly soiled but positively grey with dust.

Those fortunate few who possess dressmakers willing to make up materials should have a real harvest at the silk counters. Silk is immensely reduced in price this year, and I have met the most gorgeous of brocades, calculated to perform the desirable feat commercially known as standing alone, at the price of 4s. 11d. a yard, these being stuffs which could not have been bought five years ago under three times that sum.

I must answer three letters which are lying upon the table, one from "Miss M.," whom I am anxious to assure has my best sympathies over her troubles, whilst I tell her that the black satin skirt would look well trimmed with five pipings in wavy lines set closely together about four inches from the extreme hem. If, however, she has a preference for a ruche, let her use two of these, placing the first one four inches from the hem and the second two inches above this.—"Lorna Doone" may be cordially advised to visit Jay's sale and buy there one of the black brocaded skirts lined with silk for five and a half guineas. An excellent design has tulips on a satin surface, but there are so many it is impossible to detail them. The sale commences on July 6.—"Sarita" has my sincere thanks for her kind letter, and my counsel to write to Sykes, Josephine, 280, Regent Street, for their new combinations for cyclists. These made in silk obviate any necessity for any further underclothes, and they are quite comfortable to wear and most cool. White doeskin gloves have my heartiest approval, and I confess to envying those who can afford to wear them.—"C. R. A." should buy white buckskin boots—or accept white ribbed silk stockings as inevitable with white shoes.—PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

The perseverance of the advocates of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been rewarded by the second reading of the Bill in the Upper House. It is one of the very few questions on which the royal Dukes ever permit themselves to vote, and the Prince of Wales and his son took part in this division, voting in favour of the Bill. Its fate is not, however, secured by this success, for on a previous occasion the Bill has passed second reading in the Lords, and then was rejected on its opponents' mustering all their forces for the third reading. It seems strange that a measure affecting comparatively so few persons should excite such strong feeling on either hand. It is, however, one of the few Bills that the Lords have all to themselves. It has been passed many times by the Commons and thrown out by the Lords, and as it has not a sufficient volume of public opinion to make this a cause of quarrel between the Houses, it follows that the Commons have laid it down till the Lords can be induced to pass it. There are few Bills that are thus left really to the decision of the Lords.

Lord Nelson, who opposed the Bill, suggested that it was time for the Government of the day to take up the whole question of the marriage law, for "there are many things crying for a remedy." He instanced the difference between the marriage laws of Scotland and England, and the possibility of a divorce being obtained by English people in a foreign country under different conditions from those of this country. If it be indeed true that the English courts will recognise as valid a divorce obtained by a man in one of the "easy" States of America, without his wife's knowledge or consent, and on grounds that here would not be admitted, that is certainly an outrage. But though I am informed that Mr. Candy, Q.C., stated at a recent meeting at the National Liberal Club that this is so, I have been told by other lawyers that the point is still in doubt.

I want to know, first, if a man goes to America and gets a divorce for "incompatibility of temper," and then dies intestate, will the English Courts refuse his English wife her proportion of his estate as a widow? And, next, if a man so divorces his wife, will the English Courts recognise a second marriage contracted in this country by her as legal? If this be so, it is, indeed, an atrocious state of affairs. In some American States divorce can be had for any trivial excuse. In North Dakota, for instance, "unkind language" or "conduct calculated to injure the feelings of the spouse," is a cause, and a residence of three weeks in the State suffices to qualify a person for the interposition of its lawyers to dissolve a marriage. Surely it is incredible that, if an Englishman please to live in North Dakota for three weeks and swear that his wife has "hurt his feelings," English law will recognise that the English wife is no longer a wife? Lord Nelson, who seems to believe this to be so, certainly is in the right in his assertion that such a state of affairs needs attention.

"Women Writers" have now dined together seven years in succession. This function began very foolishly, as may be judged from the fact that one of the toasts at the first dinner was, "The Martyrs of Modern Life," under which guise married women were concealed! But, apparently, it has now got into better hands. The ladies, I am informed, dressed as well as if it had been a "mixed" dinner, and the speaking was very good, the speech of the evening being made by the African explorer, Miss Mary Kingsley, niece of the late Canon Kingsley, who has ventured into the wilds and won her way by an exceeding gentleness and abundant tact as well as Stanley with a Maxim gun.

The beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland is identifying herself with the work of women as writers. She visited a couple of weeks ago the weekly tea of the Writers' Club, and looked a vision of beauty in a dress of white muslin, unrelieved by any colour, and a white hat with a "jam-pot" crown and a cluster of white feathers at the side. This week she opened her residence for a conversation by the Women Journalists' Society. The Duchess herself wrote a book about her travels round the world in the first year of her married life—the twentieth of her age—and she occasionally contributes to periodicals under a *nom-de-guerre*. Her father, Lord Rosslyn, was a charming poet, so her talent is inherited.

Among the various sales of the season there is not one at which better value for money will be obtained than at Belfast House, 89, New Bond Street, and also 102, Kensington High Street—Messrs. Walpole Brothers. They are themselves the manufacturers, having an Irish village almost entirely devoted to their looms, so that, having no "middleman's" profits to pay, their goods are remarkably cheap for value. During the sale they mark down all their great stock of beautiful Irish table-linen, sheetings, towels, and handkerchiefs, at a considerable reduction; but it should be understood that they are originally much below the average of smaller shops in price, and for beauty of design and perfection of fabric they cannot be surpassed. A great many members of the upper classes buy all their goods there. I caught sight of a great pile of napkins just marked for the Duke of Westminster, and another order under execution for the Duchess of Sutherland; while the Government House at Ottawa has recently been entirely replenished with linen by this firm to the order of the Countess of Aberdeen. They pride themselves on having the most beautiful goods that it is possible to make, and the most perfect embroiderers to work for them; and, on the other hand, that they have, and are, equally ready to show goods of as low a price as possible; linen sheets, for instance, ranging from a pair beautifully embroidered, and priced at twelve guineas (and very cheap at that), to others, also linen of very good quality, as low as half-a-guinea the pair. Choice enough, certainly! The embroideries done by the clever Irish women are always as fine as human hands can execute. Messrs. Walpole have also a large stock of fine Irish lace, both needle-point, pillow, and crochet. Special attention should be paid to the latter. In the finer qualities, it is like the most beautiful old point de Venise, the raised rings and



A BLACK AND WHITE FOULARD.

the little loops being perfectly produced. Yet it is marvellously cheap—coming direct from their workers it is under usual prices—a few shillings the yard buying an adornment that would cost as many pounds in "old lace" looking much the same. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



# ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

UNIVERSAL

FOR HUMAN USE

1/1½

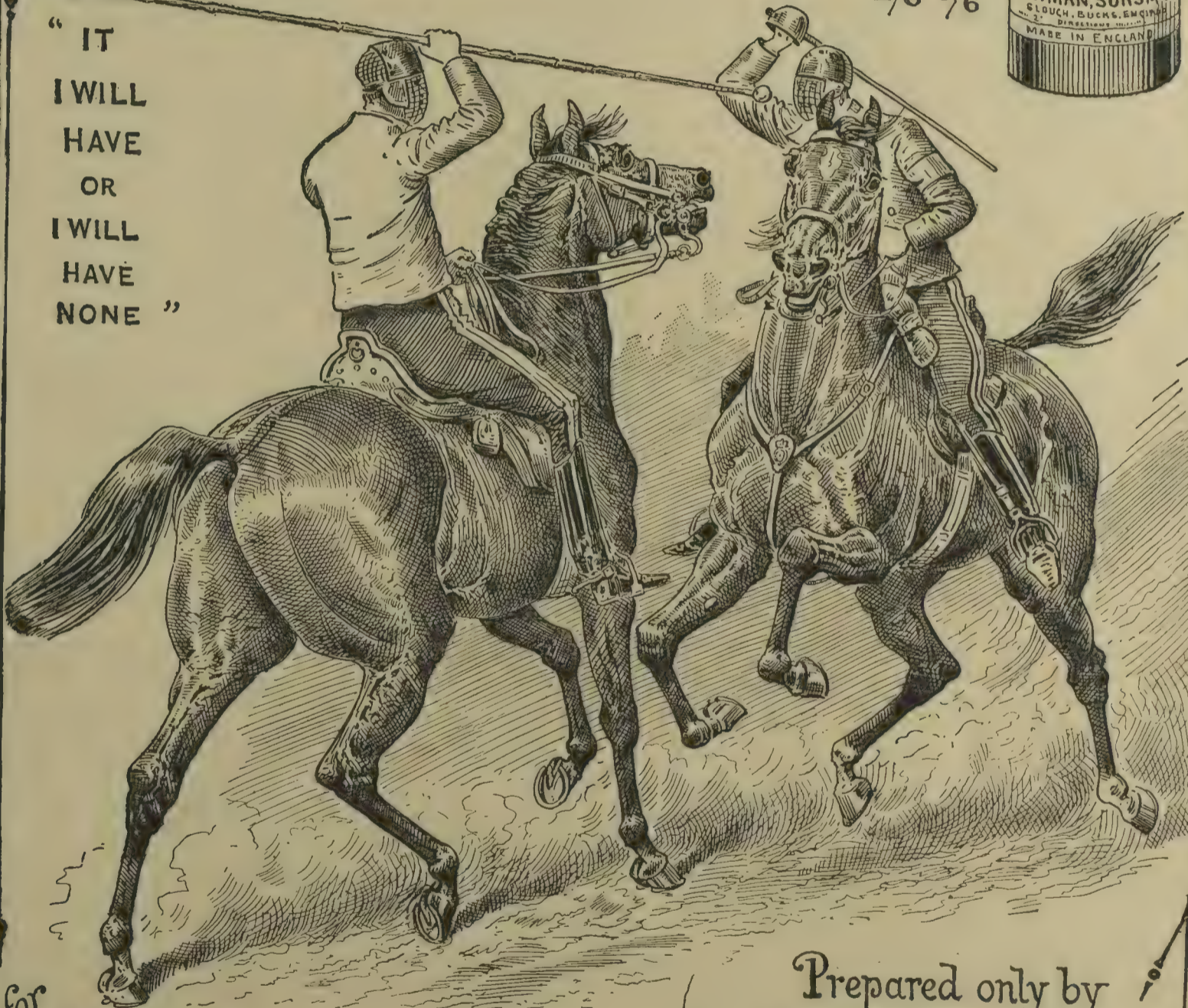
ROYAL

FOR ANIMALS

1/ 2/  
2/6 3/6



" IT  
I WILL  
HAVE  
OR  
I WILL  
HAVE  
NONE "



for

ACHES.

SPRAINS.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING." BRUISES.

Prepared only by  
ELLIMAN SONS & CO  
SLOUGH.

ENGLAND.

## ART NOTES.

The delicate reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's Lady Castlereagh, by Mr. H. T. Greenhead (Messrs. Graves and Son, Pall Mall), is a proof that in its new character the reputation established by the old firm will be sustained. The portrait of Lady Emily Hobart—for she was not Lady Castlereagh until some months after this picture was painted in 1794, the year of Lawrence's election to the rank of Royal Academician—represents a charming girl in the character of Juno, with a rose in her hand; her dress is a soft clinging white garment, which may have passed current for a peplum in the days before the Elgin Marbles had made English eyes conversant with the refinements of Greek costume. The critics of the day when the portrait was first exhibited found fault with the colourlessness of the dress, and complained of the absence of shadow. This defect, if it really existed, does not appear in Mr. Greenhead's mezzotint, and possibly our eyes are more accustomed to diaphanous drapery than were those of the "gentlemen of the Press" a hundred years ago. It is difficult, however, to believe that the "porcelain texture" of the robe, as it was called, was the cause of Lord Buckinghamshire refusing to take this portrait when finished. It is less surprising, perhaps, that Lawrence stoutly declined all subsequent invitations to paint any members of the Hobart family. The present generation will probably support the painter, and admit that he has done ample justice to a lovely subject, then in her twenty-third year, and on the eve of a marriage with a statesman whose passionate devotion to his wife was, in a certain sense, the cause of his tragic end.

The French Gallery (Pall Mall) is apparently managed upon the rational but seldom observed basis of holding an exhibition when its managers have pictures especially attractive or noteworthy. This year they rely almost exclusively upon English works of art, for although there is an exceptionally good specimen of M. Lhermitte's work, "The Farmyard of Mont St. Péré," and three or four fine instances of Charles Jacque's sheep landscapes, the strength of the collection lies in the English pictures. The portraits of Viscountess Melville and the Countess of Mulgrave, by Romney and Hopner respectively, although not ranking with the very best works of those two artists, are essentially typical and valuable specimens of their styles. Gainsborough is represented by a landscape, "Cliveden Woods," in which the influence of Old Crome and the earlier Norwich school is



THE GENTLE ART.—HEYWOOD HARDY.  
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

clearly traceable; while Sir David Wilkie's "Christopher Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida" makes us understand the popularity that this style of painting—which raised many indifferent painters to the rank of Academicians—enjoyed some fifty years ago. Another Scotch artist, less known on this side of the Tweed, J. C. Wintour, is represented by a very fine landscape, "The Vale of Atholl," which, strange to say, finds a sort of echo in Mr. Cecil Lawson's "Valley of the Doone," the poetic feeling in both dominating over the topographical sense. A "Stable-yard" by George Morland, a "Sunset" by John Linnell, and a "Sky after a Storm" by Calcott, are fairly representative works; whilst among contemporary artists Professor K. Heffner, Mr. B. W. Leader, and M. Bouguereau are to be seen to better advantage than at any exhibition of the last twelve months. The German Professor, by the way, with charming naïveté, calls the spectator's attention to the fact that the "Morning near Via Reggia," in which some excellent sea-painting is introduced, is really painted "from nature"; from which, perhaps, he would have us infer that his "Twickenham Church" and view

showed special aptitude. Scriptural subjects have been generally chosen by Mr. Tinworth, and it must be allowed that he treats them with an unconventional but at the same time in a reverent spirit. "The Good Samaritan," in the chapel of St. Thomas's Hospital, and the "Adoration of the Magi," at St. Augustine's, Stepney, are excellent specimens of his style. The series now on view at Messrs. Doulton's works consists of scenes from the history of Moses, "The Story of Joseph," the "Matthew" panel, etc. The two most important works, as regards size, are the "Finding of Moses" and "Preparing for the Crucifixion"—the latter especially showing the artist's peculiarities in the most marked manner. Mr. Tinworth has certainly a strong dramatic instinct and a special faculty of presenting large crowds, of which each individual is a special type or an obvious object-lesson. While fully recognising our fellow-countryman's merits we cannot admit that he enjoys a monopoly of the secret of making terra-cotta figures expressive of a wide range of emotions. Clever as Mr. Tinworth's terra-cotta work is, we think he will earn a more lasting reputation from his connection with Messrs. Doulton's glazed ware and its decoration.

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**Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.**, London, writing on March 4, 1891, said: "I have tried it and find it answers particularly well."

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The Honourable **JOHN M. FRANCIS**, formerly Minister of the United States at the Courts of Athens (Greece), Lisbon (Portugal), and late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to the Austrian Court at Vienna, writes: "I have had treatment three different seasons, with most beneficial results, at Carlsbad."

"I have since these visitations used, as occasion seemed to require, Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, containing a concentration of the Carlsbad Springs Cure, prepared so as to be agreeable to the taste, and proving effective as the original waters for Kidney, Liver, and Stomach ailments."

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"JOHN M. FRANCIS."

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## THE LEGEND OF THE "HIRSCHENSPRUNG."

Whilst the Emperor Charles IV., King of Bohemia, was on one occasion out stag-hunting, a deer, closely followed by the hounds, sprang from a rock into the lake beneath, and on the hounds plunging in after it they immediately set up a wailing howl. On seeking the cause of it the Emperor discovered that the lake was full of hot water, which issued from a neighbouring spring in the mountain. Shortly afterwards, when wounded, while fighting as the ally of France against England, the



Emperor was advised to bathe in the lake, and his wounds were thereby quickly healed. In commemoration of this there was erected, on a rock standing about 1560 ft. above the sea level and commanding a beautiful view, a monument called the "Hirschensprung" (or Deer Leap), the design of which has been adopted as the trade mark of Kutnow's Powder, because from a mineral spring in a town adjacent a part of the valuable mineral spring ingredients of Kutnow's Powder are obtained.

"This is very strongly recommended," says *Land and Water*, "by many acknowledged medical authorities, for use by sufferers from Rheumatism, Gout, and Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. It is also highly spoken of as a corrective medicine most suitable for people leading sedentary lives. We are informed that Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder has been PRESCRIBED FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES and other Members of the Royal Family, which affords an indication of the opinion of the remedy entertained by the medical profession. We have seen a letter from the dispenser of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest requesting further supplies of Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder, which had 'been used in the wards with success.' Having also seen autograph letters from the late Sir Morell Mackenzie to brother physicians of the highest standing, in which Messrs. Kutnow's preparations are spoken of in the most laudatory terms, we have no hesitation in bringing them to the notice of our readers."

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The **LANCET** says: "Kutnow's Carlsbad Powder is stated to contain, among other ingredients, the active principle of the sprudel salt obtained direct from the mineral waters. However this may be, our analysis confirmed the presence of the chief constituents referred to. The powder is beautifully clean and white, and is evidently prepared with care, while the taste of the effervescing solution is by no means disagreeable."

The **BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL** says: "Decidedly more palatable than the ordinary Carlsbad Powder, evaporated at the springs, of which it reproduces the therapeutic effects, while effectually covering the nauseous taste and objectionable bitter flavour of sulphate of soda. It is gentle, effervescent, and is a very efficient and agreeable aperient."

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From **Miss CISSIE LOFTUS**: "Your Improved Effervescent Carlsbad Powder seems to me a very recommendable preparation."

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1892), with a codicil (dated March 2, 1896), of Mr. Richard Gibbs, of 26, Victoria Street, Westminster, and formerly of Emmetts, near Sevenoaks, Kent, who died on May 31, was proved on June 23 by Augustus Thorne and James Rogers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £322,978. The testator gives £2000 each to the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), and the Gordon Boys' Home; £1000 each to the Brixton Orphanage for Girls, the Westminster Hospital, and the Police Orphanage (Wimbledon); £5000; his plate, jewellery, pictures, furniture, articles of virtue, and articles of domestic or household use and ornament, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, to his wife; two sums of £4000, upon trust for, and £5000 to, his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Williams; £8000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Constance Williams; £3000 to his nephew, Henry Palmer, and £4000 between his brothers and sisters; £2000 to his friend Thomas Pyke; £2000 each to William Haines Simpson, John Jenkins, and Mabel Bowman; £5000 to Norman Merton; £4000 each to his nephews, Richard Gibbs Gardiner and William Gibbs Gardiner; £3000 to James Rogers; £2000 to Augustus Thorne, and numerous other legacies to friends and servants. A sum of £150,000 is to be held upon trust to pay two-fifths of the income thereof to his wife, for her life or widowhood, and the remaining three-fifths, and at the death or re-marriage of his wife the other two-fifths, to his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Williams. At his daughter's death the principal sum is to be divided between her children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one equal moiety thereof upon trust for his said granddaughter, and the remaining one equal moiety upon trust to pay and distribute the same among such charitable societies or institutions in England as his trustees in their absolute discretion should select, and in such sums and proportions, and on such terms and conditions, as they shall think proper, but not more than £2000 is to be given to any one charity.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1870) of Mr. Charles Harcastle Freeman, of Abbeyfield, 152, Abbey Road, St. John's

Wood, who died on April 9, was proved on June 23 by Francis Thomas Freeman, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £49,469. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said brother absolutely.

The will (dated March 25, 1894) of Mr. Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, J.P., D.L., of Coed-y-Maen, Welshpool, and 2, Lower Berkeley Street, who died on April 25, was proved on June 24 by Arthur Watkin Williams-Wynn, the son and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £45,120. Having appointed £10,000 out of the sum of £60,000 forming the trust funds of his marriage settlement to his daughter Mary Stapylton, on her marriage, he now appoints the remainder of the said trust funds to his five younger children. The testator leaves 2, Lower Berkeley Street, with the furniture and effects, and 360 oz. of silver, to his three younger daughters for their lives while they remain unmarried, and then to his eldest son, Arthur Watkin; and £500 to his daughter Mrs. Stapylton. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his eldest son.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1895) of Mr. Joseph Edward Todd, of 1, East India Avenue, Leadenhall Street, and 21, Maddox Street, Regent Street, who died on May 16, was proved on June 19 by Henry James Reeves, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £45,725. The testator bequeaths £300 to such hospital as his executors shall choose; £1000 to his executor; and distributes £4700 among thirty of his relatives, friends, and servants. There are also numerous specific gifts of pictures, jewels, etc. He devises the villa Melang, Frais Vallon, Algiers, to his brother, John George Todd. He leaves the residue of his property, including the Melang tea estate in India, upon trust, to pay annuities of £300 to his said brother, £200 each to his nephews George Todd and Edward Todd, and £150 each to Georgette and Gabrielle Todd, with benefit of survivorship; also annuities of £200 to Florence Todd, £100 each to George Reid and Mary Graf; and £50 each to Bessie Frost and Frederick Golden; and the remainder of the income of his residuary estate is to be divided between his executor and all the above-

named annuitants except George Reid, Bessie Frost, and Frederick Golden.

The will of the late Sir George Johnson, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to her Majesty the Queen (dated Feb. 28, 1895), has been proved by his sons, Charles Plumtre Johnson and Edward Middleton Johnson, the executors, the estate being sworn at the net sum of £22,961 15s. 9d. After appointing certain settlement funds to his daughters and the executors, the testator gives his property to the executors, upon trust, for his children in the proportions and upon the trusts set out in the will.

The will (dated April 16, 1896) of the Right Hon. Eliza Horatia Frederica, Viscountess Clifden, of Burrs Wood, Groombridge, Kent, and 16, Eaton Square, the wife of Sir Walter George Stirling, Bart., who died on April 23, was proved on June 22 by the said Sir Walter G. Stirling, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,824. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to the Clifden House Home and Institute for Match-Girls, Fairfield Row, Bow; £50 to the Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, for the poor of the parish, and £1 to every mother attending the mothers' meeting at St. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, that she has been acquainted with for twenty years up to November 1895. The residue of her property she leaves to her daughter, Evelyn Stirling, absolutely.

The will of Mr. Richard Golightly Boydell, of Upton Park, near Chester, who died on April 19, was proved on June 19 by Miss Emma Penelope Boydell, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3349.

A very interesting presentation has recently been made, by the present and former colleagues and pupils at Lampeter, of a silver tea-tray to the Rev. William Harrison Davey, M.A. (Chancellor and Canon of St. David's), who has been Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, for twenty-four years. The tray was engraved, designed, and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, and 66, Cheapside.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church papers have taken the collapse of the Education Bill with great and unexpected meekness. One of them says: "A great disaster has fallen on us, look on it from whatever side we may." It goes on to warn Churchmen that they must not underrate the forces that are ranged against them, nor must they by incautious word or deed drive into the opposite camp any who might otherwise be on their side, or, at any rate, neutral. "We believe the School Board system of religious education to be fundamentally faulty, but that need not blind us to the fact that many persons are making the best they can out of it." It complains that the Archbishop of Canterbury did not make common cause in this matter with "our Roman Catholic brethren." The Church papers are not deceiving themselves. They say that the capitulation is unconditional. "For though something was said about providing for the necessitous Church schools, and about introducing a similar Bill next year, we expect that little more will be heard about the second half of this promise."

The Pan-Presbyterian Council has held its meetings this year at Glasgow. They have been well attended, and have been marked by a strongly conservative tone. The Americans played a large part, and they are much less advanced in their theological views than the Presbyterians

in this country. Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, the editor of *Good Words*, read a paper on church-going, in which he emphatically protested against the identification of church-going with religion.

The death of Archdeacon Bardsley, who had for sixteen years been Vicar of Bradford, is much regretted. He was a skilful organiser and a popular preacher. During his incumbency of Stepney he was for six years a member of the London School Board, and he declined in 1875 an offer to the see of Ballarat.

The new Vicar of Malvern, the Rev. Raymond P. Pelly, has had a remarkable experience in parish work. He was very successful at Stratford, where he restored the church and, what is better, filled it with a large congregation. He built two mission churches, and carried on a successful rescue work. Since then he has been Vicar of Saffron Walden, where he has introduced reverent celebrations, with eastward position, mixed chalice, and altar lights. The North Chapel has been restored at great expense, and made fit for the daily service.

Archbishop Alexander's sermon in Westminster Abbey was full of felicitous and interesting quotations. For example he said, "Pascal, that great thinker, has said that sickness is the natural condition of a Christian. Surely there is something morbid and exaggerated about that."

"A great pianist, not many years ago, turned away from persons who were playing in a more showy way, and listened to one who was not thought to have much pretence to great skill. When he was asked what pleased him in her playing, he said in French that somehow or other when she played little airs she had tears on her fingers. Surely the preacher should have, to some extent, tears in his voice."

Mrs. Wordsworth, the recently married wife of the Bishop of Salisbury, has had a narrow escape. A carriage driven by her was run into near the railway-station at Salisbury by a runaway omnibus. Mrs. Wordsworth was thrown out and much shaken, and the horse attached to her carriage was so badly injured that it was immediately killed.

Some people have been complaining that the Bishop of Liverpool has not built a Cathedral. The Bishop replies that he will be very glad if someone comes forward with half a million of money. He, however, did not feel perfectly sure that even when he was dead the money would be found to build a cathedral. Too many seemed to be looking forward to the time when the poor old man of eighty would be dead, and they seemed to be thinking that the cathedral would then be erected. However, there was no use their wasting time over impossibilities, and they should be content with things as they were. V.

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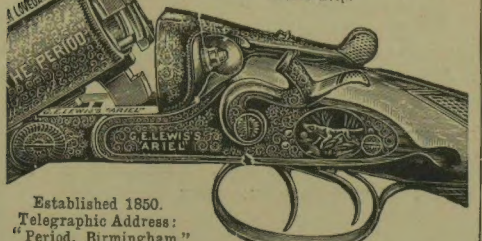
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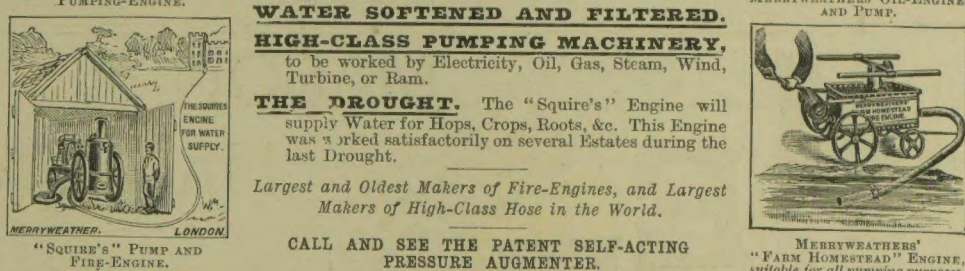
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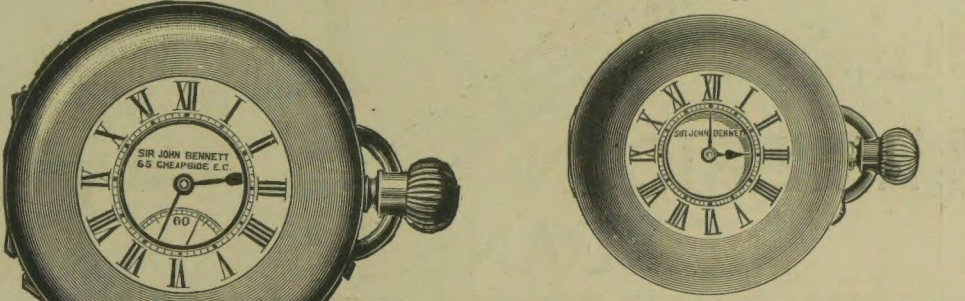
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 On June 23, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Wandsworth Common, by the Vicar, the Rev. W. Starkie Shuttleworth, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Louis H. Dahl, M.A., John De Courey Atkins, I.C.S., Secretary to the Government of Bombay, eldest son of the late John Ringwood Atkins, of H.M.'s Public Record Office, to Gertrude Black, B.Sc. Lond., youngest daughter of Algernon Black, of Dhu House, Wandsworth Common.

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 No. 968.—JULY 1896.—2s. 6d.  
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## PARLIAMENT.

The Opposition have not abated their resistance to the Agricultural Rating Bill. The Report stage cost the House another all-night sitting, Sir William Harcourt making many second reading speeches, and Radicals like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Dalziel doggedly moving obstructive amendments. The hottest fight arose from an attempt to force the Government to discriminate between agricultural land in a state of depression and agricultural land—technically known as "accommodation" land—on the outskirts of large towns. This kind of land, it was contended, stood in no need of relief, and Mr. Chaplin was asked to exclude it from the Bill. The prolonged sitting led to

a few mild "scenes," but in the main the proceedings were conducted with good humour. Opposition speakers taunted the Government with inability to answer argument, and complained of being shouted at by the other side; but Opposition speakers always take this line. The rejection of the third reading of the Bill was moved by Mr. Asquith, and the subject was again obstinately debated; but Ministers had made up their minds to carry this important measure. The Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Bill was read a second time, despite the protest of a minority numbering five members; and the second reading of the Locomotives on Highways Bill was carried without opposition. This measure removes the restrictions on the use of horseless carriages. Dr. Tanner denounced these vehicles, which, he said, had proved to be a nuisance in

Paris and Jerusalem. Mr. Chamberlain admitted that the acceptance by the Chartered Company of the resignation of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit was in accordance with his own suggestion, and he was unable to agree with Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett that a memorial signed by seven thousand settlers in Rhodesia declared that the country would be lost if Mr. Rhodes did not remain its official moving spirit. In the Lords an amendment to the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill was adopted at the instance of Lord Halifax, to the effect that any clergyman solemnising a marriage under the Bill should be liable to a fine of one hundred pounds. This remarkable disability may not survive discussion in the House of Commons, though the chances of time being found for the Bill in the Commons seem remote.

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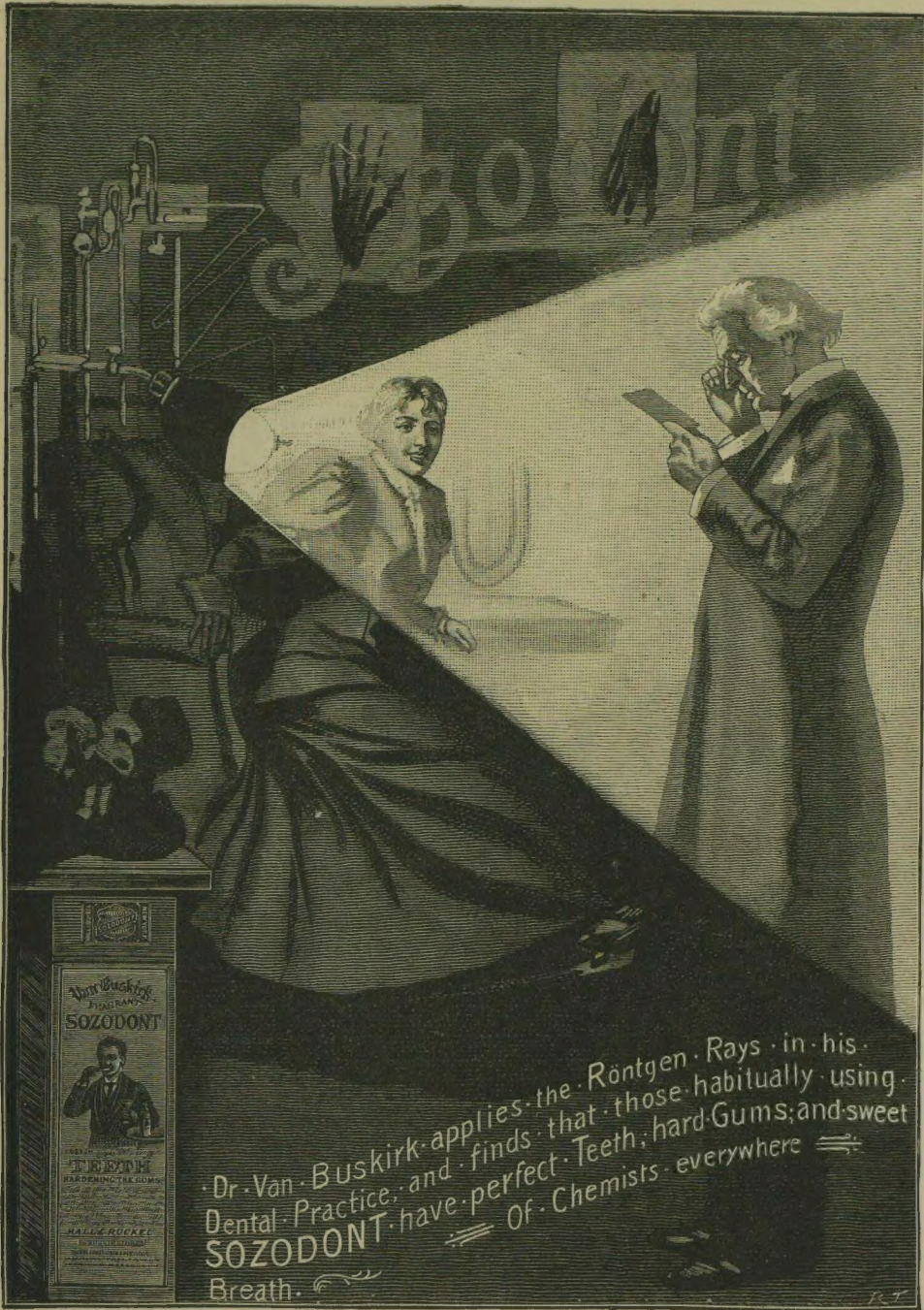
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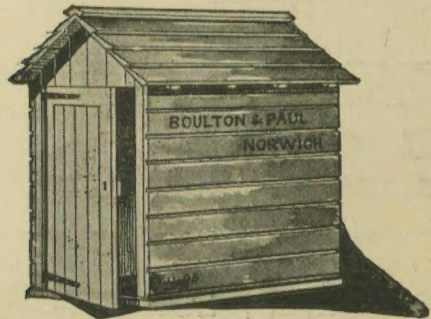
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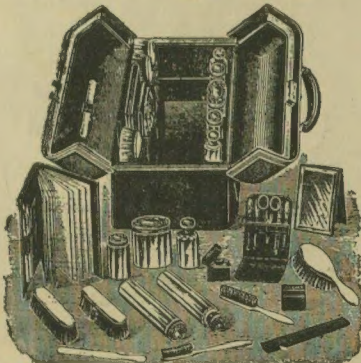
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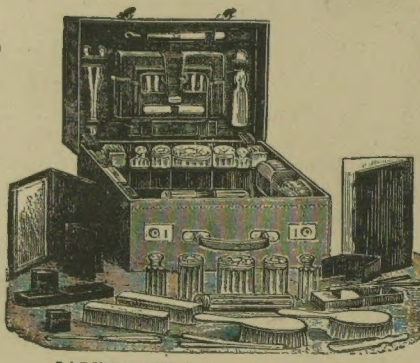
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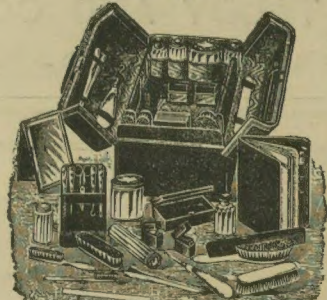


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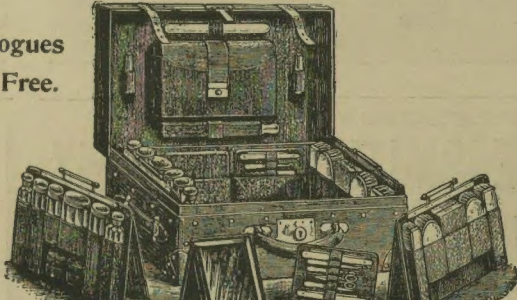


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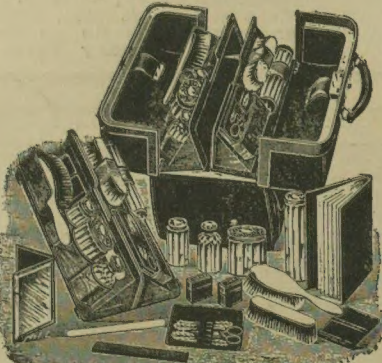
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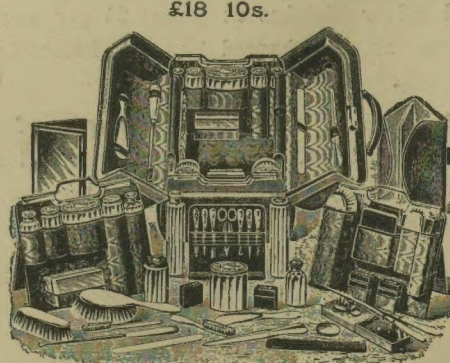
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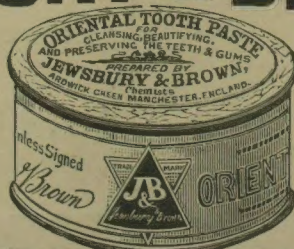
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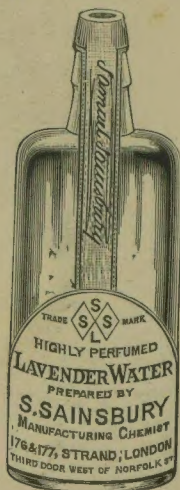
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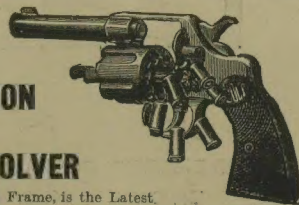
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